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REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

The Schoolfellows; or, a By-way to Fame.
By Richard Johns, Esq., author of "Legend and Romance, African and European."
3 vols. 12mo. London, 1841. Bentley.

WHATEVER one of the heroes of this novel may do, *certainly* the author himself does not take a byway, but, on the contrary, the high-road, to fame. He has produced a work of an original and striking character: the conception is boldly marked, and the working out at once natural and forcible. If you are startled by the very youthful development of villainy, we are yet compelled to confess that such is human depravity, it may be too true; and when the foundation is laid of hardened oppression on one hand, and sensitive thralldom on the other, the whole events which chequer the career of *The Schoolfellows* from first to last occur with as much of actuality as if the narrative related to real life, and had nothing to do with literary invention. Mr. Johns is a vivid and powerful writer, and many of his scenes are singularly affecting. He often touches on dangerous ground, but never slips or falls. His picture of an unhappy street-wanderer is full of pathos; and the appeal he thence deduces on behalf of the Magdalen Asylum ought, and we trust will, lead to the benefit of that most benevolent charity.

It is no easy matter for us to elucidate our opinion of this interesting performance without trenching on its story; in the progress and finale of which so much of that interest lies. Suffice it to say, that two schoolfellows are linked by a singular fate together for good and evil; the bad genius having an influence over the good, which it is not only impossible to shake off, but which acquires by every new circumstance an accumulated energy, so that the hateful bond cannot be severed. We are not sure that the first step is certain, i. e. that two boys entering a public school at the same time, one cannot expect the other to be his fag,—we rather suppose that both must become fags to elder tyrants. But, granting this preliminary, all the rest is admirably contrived, and the galling chain is rivetted into the very life-blood and soul of the victim. And besides these principals, the other personages who act in this drama are skillfully portrayed, and the concomitants and accessories belong to the time in which we live. These are no marvels or monsters to puzzle or affright the reader: the worthy curate, Graham, another Vicar of Wakefield; his selfish and ambitious wife; his lawyer son, George; the hardened felon and scoundrel, Williams; his weak and hapless wife; the beautiful and lost Mary Austin; the equally beautiful and protected Laura Graham; the senator, Mandeville senior, and his daughter; as well as others of lesser note,—are all distinct portraits, skillfully delineated, and ably sustained in speech and action. We are afraid of saying more, except that our sympathies are warmly engaged to the end; and the remarkable turns of fortune leave no pause till the whole is wound up with effect, and we lay down the book highly satisfied with the author's talent, and mastery over our minds. We proceed to select a few specimens

of his style. The following is a brief but glowing sketch of spring to a convalescent:—

"Well may bards sing the praises of Spring. It is the season of song, and Nature makes to herself a melody of many voices. The howling blast alone pours forth the dirge of the dying year; the choristers of the grove are still. The lark, winging his way from earth to heaven, giving utterance to the grateful tribute of his joy, is heard not then; he sits in the cold lank grass, and feeble is the note that pipes his discontent;—the very cricket ceases to be merry. But Spring comes. The lamb calls to her mother, and is answered by the voice she loves best, and knows amid the bleating of the fold; the cuckoo is telling her oft-repeated tale to the wren;—the skylark's note once more proclaims the festival of song, and not a feathered throat but joins in glad-some roundelay. How many hearts are glad that winter is gone! The poor man has shivered in the blast of March, his little store of fuel, perhaps the dole of charity, has been expended,—the December blanket is sold, and work scarce. Spring opens again the fields of industry;—it is a reprieve from destitution. January was no new year unto that poor man, but spring has renewed the hope of his lowly destiny; summer,—autumn,—is before him;—winter! must it come again? he will not think of it;—winter has passed."

The opening view of Mr. and Mrs. Graham may be given as a characteristic portraiture, and true to nature:—

"Long before the period at which our tale commences, Frederick Graham, a man of respectable but not brilliant abilities, of simple manners, firm integrity, and sincere interest in the holy office to which he had been several years ordained, gladly accepted the curacy of C—; and the little parsonage was the home to which he brought his newly-wedded bride. Mrs. Graham was the orphan daughter of a half-pay captain in the army, who, by his prudence, not to say parsimony, had saved out of his small income from the crown one thousand pounds, which was the provision of his only child at his death, and her sole portion on her marriage. This, in the days of old, ere the five per cents went out of fashion, placed in the funds, produced rather more than fifty pounds per annum: in addition to the income of the curacy, which had been worth to the last curate a full hundred a-year, the annual stipend being some forty pounds, all above this arising from the surplice fees: alas! the worthy Mr. Graham seldom made up his hundred, from January to December. The population around him, with the exception of three or four large lauded proprietors, belonged, for the most part, to the lowest class of agricultural labourers, and his heart would not allow him to wring the last coin from the bereaved parent, for shutting within the darksome grave the child that in sharing had lightened poverty. Many a time, though shillings were scarce at home, would he say, 'Put them up, my good friend, I wish I could add to your store, not take from it.' Now as the curate did not possess a stiver of private property, it may be imagined Mr. and Mrs. Graham's marriage was of the

order called imprudent; but still they were very happy, for what young couple, during the first year of their union, ever think of the expenses which that union may entail on them? Mrs. Graham seemed to have wedded affluence, when she contrasted her present commodious dwelling with the small lodgings in an obscure town, which had been the home of her youth. She was delighted with her garden, her dairy, and her poultry; she had little taste for society, never having been accustomed to its pleasures, appeared ever cheerful, and thoroughly enjoyed a country life. All this is very natural in a young bride, let a match be imprudent or not; it is the cares of years in the study of a painful economy; the birth of children who in time look up to you for advantages you have it not in your power to bestow, which change the happy, thoughtless girl, into the thrifty, and, perhaps, discontented housewife;—but of this anon. A new delight arrived in due course at the parsonage. Mrs. Graham was the mother of a boy,—an event which made the curate very happy, but, after the first welcoming of the little stranger was over, somewhat more grave than usual. He began to consider that, though he knew the limit of his means, the limit of his household was not so easily determined. It was, in fact, imperatively necessary that he should find some method of increasing his income, ere there was a farther increase to his family."

Among the incidents in which the school-fellows are implicated are several transactions of a literary kind, and here our author has evidently built upon real, though strange transactions. We copy one instance. Manning is induced by a speculative Mr. Bermingham to become proprietor and editor of a periodical, and the following is portion of the negotiation:—

"'I have to apologise,' commenced Mr. Bermingham, 'for intruding on you, sir; but I trust in a little time we shall become better acquainted.' Manning bowed his assent to this, and begged his visitor to take a seat. 'I have read some papers of yours with great pleasure, for these six months past, in several magazines: there is a condensation about them which has greatly taken my fancy.' 'You do me much honour,' answered Manning. 'Not more than you deserve, I can assure you,' continued Mr. Bermingham. 'I believe I was the first to introduce that style of writing in the early part of the present century. You have doubtless read 'The Cadmus': I originated it. Not long-lived, like a precocious child it perished in its youth; the world was not enlightened enough for it;—ignorance aided envy to destroy it.' Manning said that he was very young during the period which had nursed the infancy of that precocious child of Mr. Bermingham's brain, and the visitor looked thoughtful and grave, and said, 'Possibly;' he was just then thinking of the object of his visit, the explanation of which he now commenced. 'I have been induced to call on you by my friend Mr. Scriven, he having mentioned you as a likely person to engage in a literary speculation which I have in hand, but in which I do not wish to appear.

It will be necessary for you to embark a small sum in the affair; say three or four hundred pounds. My friend told me that you were anxious to employ capital to about this amount, with the certainty of a proper return, and I have now great pleasure in offering you the opportunity.' Manning acknowledged that he had four hundred pounds at his command, but frankly said, that such a sum being almost his only possession, he did not feel himself justified in lightly hazarding it. 'Of course not,' hastily remarked his new acquaintance; 'of course not: under the pledge of secrecy, for, as I told you before, I do not wish to appear in the matter, I will at once shew you the nature of the speculation which I wish you to share in as proprietor, and wholly conduct as editor.' Manning gave the desired pledge, and Mr. Bermingham produced the last number of a certain weekly periodical, commanding a very fair circulation. 'The Censor,' said he, 'is my property. I bought it from the parties who first commenced it, on my plan, for I originated this style of publication years ago, when I started 'The Cadmus.' Others claim the idea, but I may proudly say the merit of it is, or ought to be, mine. Here, sir, is combined the review, with a general register of literary matters; the originality of the work being sustained by original papers of infinite merit: I have written every one of them for the last six weeks. Now, sir, I purchased this periodical because it is directly opposed to one in which I have a large interest, but which I am determined to destroy. 'The Censor' is to undersell it, undermine, ruin it, I hope.' 'Ruin your own property!' exclaimed Manning, in no small surprise. 'I fear I have said too much,' rejoined Mr. Bermingham; 'but Mr. Scriven assured me that you were quite new in London, belonging to no literary clique, and that he had found you a man whose word could be relied upon. You have given me your pledge to keep the matter secret which I have divulged to you, whether you accept my offer or not; but as it can be of little importance to you to know my motive for becoming the proprietor of 'The Censor,' unless you engage on it according to the terms I propose, perhaps you will be kind enough to forget that I inadvertently professed a desire to injure a property in which there are others equally concerned with myself. 'I shall lay as little stress on the information you have accidentally given me, as its peculiarity permits,' said Manning, smiling; 'I cannot promise you to forget.' 'Excuse me there,' hastily remarked Mr. Bermingham; 'you can forget it, if you choose. Another time I will explain to you a system, entirely my own, by which a man may forget any thing—every thing, sir!—make the mind a plain sheet of paper, if necessary, or curiously expunge only that item of recollection which it is desirable to eradicate. But now to business. Here is a periodical paying eight pounds a-week exclusive of all expenses, or four hundred and sixteen pounds a-year. In these expenses I reckon two hundred per annum for the editor; which income you will have entirely to yourself, together with a moiety of the profits, in consideration of your purchasing the whole copyright of 'The Censor' for the sum of four hundred pounds, and being responsible for all its liabilities, past, present, and to come. Of course, I will shew you the printer's and paper-maker's receipts, that you may see the concern is not in debt.' Then followed an explanation of the arrangement by which Mr. Bermingham was to have his half of the profits secured to him, without his name appearing as a proprietor, leaving him at

liberty to work his share of the contemplated opposition to the rival periodical, which was called 'The Mentor,' completely 'under the rose.' Manning, who up to this period of the interview cautiously refrained from committing himself, now entered eagerly into the discussion of so notable a scheme. To be the editor of a periodical such as the one Mr. Bermingham offered him, was an ambition which had been gradually getting possession of his imagination, ever since his intercourse commenced with that species of literature. There was an appearance of ingenuousness about his visitor, developing a sort of eccentricity which forbade him for a moment to suppose that he was dealing with a dishonest man. Mr. Bermingham's long face was more wrinkled than when its owner was first introduced to the reader; but still that placid smile of conscious, intuitive power,—that compression and elongation of the lips, which seemed to say 'I know all about every thing and much more,' remained its striking characteristics. A busy, self-satisfied look, ever gave you the idea that Mr. Bermingham was about to say something that would please and astonish you; but the speculation in his little grey eyes never seemed like knavish speculation: say what he might, it was a question whether he knew when he was uttering an untruth; while in actual money matters, Mr. Bermingham was not likely to cheat any body but himself. After some further conversation with his proposed partner, Manning was induced to appoint another meeting, it being understood that Mr. Scriven was to negotiate between them, if required, as the friend of both parties.

Incredible as Mr. Bermingham's conduct may appear, we could support its accuracy by a fact connected with the very Journal in which these remarks are printed. A little more of the exhibition may not be amiss:—

"Mr. Manning," said Mr. Bermingham, some few weeks after the arrangement entered into at the close of the last chapter, 'it is time that we should fully understand each other.' 'I trust we do, my dear sir; I am not aware of any misunderstanding between us,' answered Manning. 'And yet I fear that one exists,' rejoined his coadjutor, 'or certain reviews in the last week's 'Censor' could not have been written by you; I should say that you could not have even seen them before they went to press. Why, sir, you actually praised two books that had flourishing notices in 'The Mentor' but a week ago!' 'Well, Mr. Bermingham, and they deserved the praise I bestowed.' 'That's not the question, sir,' answered the originator, angrily; 'do I deserve this treatment at your hands? Do I not wish opposition to 'The Mentor' to be the very life and soul of 'The Censor'?' 'Yes, my good sir,' replied Manning, 'I fully understand your wishes on that point; you were the best judge of the injustice 'The Mentor' had personally done you, with respect to the several inventions you claim as yours, the credit of which that periodical awards to others; and I am sure column after column have we devoted to set you right in the opinion of the world. Again, I perfectly agree with you as to the unfair spirit in which our opponent's reviews are written, and I readily enter into your notion of supporting, so far as is consistent with our own character as critics, those authors whom 'The Mentor' systematically attacks; but what has this to do with my giving favourable critiques of two works which only received justice at my hands?' 'It has this to do with it,' replied Mr. Bermingham, in a complete rage,

'It ceases to be opposition! 'The Censor' must have different views from 'The Mentor'; it must know better, or seem to know better, I don't care which: I will have it so.' 'I am editor and responsible proprietor of 'The Censor,' said Manning, mildly; 'and I think must be allowed a voice at all times; particularly when justice speaks so loudly on my side.' 'Justice!' exclaimed Mr. Bermingham, 'what has justice to do with systematic criticism? I will have justice done me!' Here his hand descended on the table with such emphasis, that Manning forgot to resent the dictatorial manner which his coadjutor had assumed, from anxiety that his mother, who was in the next room—for the interview we are describing took place at the lodgings in Northumberland Street—would, possibly, feel alarmed at the violence of the meeting between Mr. Bermingham and himself. 'I confess that I am quite a freshman at my present work,' answered he, deprecatingly; 'to-morrow we will meet at the office, and talk these matters over at our leisure.'"

With but one extract more, of a different order, we must close these volumes:—

"The suburb through which Manning had to approach London was not, some years back, so orderly a locality as our improved police has since rendered it. Few, even now, who know the Blackfriars' Road, in which is situated the Magdalen Hospital, but must have been struck by the appropriate position of this, one of England's noblest charities, as a city of refuge to which the sinner flees, while the destroyer is stayed at the gate. The Magdalen is as a mother seeking a daughter, even in the haunts of infamy, and reminding her of her shame, only that she may the better alleviate her sorrow. Virtuous women of England! ye to whom Europe has accorded this proud title, nationally, but whose spotless robes hide many a fallen sister, forget them not. Poverty and sickness the hand of woman may relieve and soothe, for she is the gentlest of almoners, and there is healing in her ministering; but there are scenes where she may not enter, with even charity for her guide. The woman of pleasure, who feels there is mockery in the name, finds in the Magdalen that countenance and protection which the virtuous, individually, may not grant her. She who sins for bread may repent; but can she go and sin no more? the Magdalen is open to her. Here, then, is a charity which stands between the dead and the living; and woman, without suffering from impure contact, may give the incense of her benefactions, that the plague of iniquity may be stayed. It was with feelings somewhat similar to those in which we have for a moment indulged, that Manning passed the Magdalen, on his way to Blackfriars' Bridge. He remembered, too, the tale of his mother's betrayal; and it occurred to him that, but for Halford's interposition, his unhappy parent might, from sheer necessity, have become one of the poor wretches for whom the charity was intended. 'I, of all others, ought to have pity on these fallen ones,' said Manning to himself, as he determined in his heart that the Magdalen should be the first public charity he would subscribe to; and at that instant his eye rested on a fitting illustration of the subject which engaged his thoughts. A scantily-dressed woman of the town was seated at the foot of a lamp-post a little distance before him, weeping bitterly. He was in no frame of mind to put the question to himself, 'Is this woman in sober grief, or labouring under the effects of drink?' but he at once accosted her. 'You

are in distress; can I be of any assistance to you? has any one injured you?" "All men have injured me," sobbed forth the wretched girl, lifting a face of wasted beauty to the glimmer of the lamp, beneath which she sat. "All men have injured me. Oh! you are not the watchman, then? I am very bewildered—I have heard clever men say that a full meal clogs the brain—" She started up and seized the arm of Manning, who now, thinking her intoxicated, attempted to unloose her grasp; but with the weight of her whole frame she clung to him, and in a hollow voice whispered, "I have not eaten to-day, nor did I eat yesterday, and yet I am bewildered." "You have been drinking, that has bewildered you," replied Manning, "and if I gave you money, you would spend it in spirits." "I did not beg from you, sir, and you have no right to insult me—but that I am helpless," said the girl, sinking again on her lowly seat. There were tones in this affecting appeal that were familiar to him: where had he before heard them? Manning looked down at the wretch who crouched at his feet; her thin gown, which had once been of an orange tint, was soiled and torn, while it ill concealed more squalid misery in the dirt-stained habiliments it was intended to cover. An old silk bonnet that had been green, and a ragged shawl, completed the dress of the night-walker. Her head reclined against the lamp-post, and a partial view of a very wan cheek, which disease or want, or perhaps, the habitual use of rouge, no longer there to hide its own ravages, had rendered of a waxen hue, aided not his recollection. It was then while murmuring despair's last supplication to that Power which it is well grants not all our prayers, "Oh that I might die!" the sufferer turned a profile towards him, which at once brought her to his memory.

A charitable idea, amid his distrust, made Manning steadfast in his determination not to content himself with merely relieving Mary Austin with money; he would learn more of her before they parted, perhaps she was not irreclaimable. He looked at her again, as she leaned heavily on his arm, occasionally uttering a short moan, as though in pain, while her eyes were fixed on the light of the public-house they were approaching; and it struck him that she did not seem like an habitual drunkard. Her features were not bloated, nor her lip livid. There was a wasting, as from general decay about her whole frame; but disease, penury, sorrow, even remorse, might have done this. "Would that it were remorse!" said Manning, to himself, as, pushing open the swinging door of the public-house parlour, he entered a small sanded room, and, placing his charge in a chair, pulled a bell-rope hanging from the ceiling. By this action, he roused the only customer which the lateness of the hour had left in the house; he had gone to sleep over his last glass of gin-and-water. Gulping the remainder, he looked at the clock in the room; then, with leaden gravity, wondered for some moments what a gentlemanly-looking man could possibly want with so drabbed a street-walker, speaking kindly and gently, too, talking to her as if she were his own sister; lastly, the virtuous muddler drew his hat over his eyes, and left the house, blessing his stars that he had nothing to do with such wretches. Manning saw the suspicious look of the man, he felt the blood rush to his cheeks, though the fellow was to him a perfect stranger, and he could not but wish himself well out of his adventure. Nor was

this the only annoyance he met with. "You can't have any thing here," said the flippant landlady of the house, as she hurried into the room, having been informed by the pot-boy that Manning wanted supper for his questionable companion. The appearance of her midnight customer modified the address commenced on her entrance. "Perhaps you don't know it, sir, but that woman got beastly drunk, in this very house, not an hour ago." "'Tis true, 'tis true!" exclaimed Mary Austin; "but it was only one glass of brandy I took. They wouldn't give me food. They laughed when I said I was hungry. They snatched the biscuit from me that I had taken; they flung it away,—you know they did, or the boy knows it. But I don't want food; I can die!" She rose with sudden desperation, and darted towards the door. Manning caught her by the arm ere she had succeeded in leaving the room; she was too weak to struggle with him, though her resolve was, at the moment, strong. Again placing her in a chair, he insisted that food should be served to her. "There is something not quite right in this matter, I am afraid," said he to the now abashed landlady; "men, in your house, have behaved like brutes to the unhappy girl. Give her some cold meat, instantly; I will be answerable for the payment," and, thus saying, he produced a well-furnished purse, that well-known remedy for incivility. "I'm sure, sir, the young woman is mistaken," she commenced. "Here, Tom, get that b'iled leg a mutton, that come off the club supper-table, it's hardly cold yet. Did you see any of those goings on?" "Not I, missus. I've lots to do without taking notice of gentlemen's larks," replied the boy. "Well, lay the cloth, and be sharp, will you? And would the young woman like any thing to drink, sir—or would you take any thing for yourself, sir?" In answer to these questions of the now officious landlady, Manning ordered some brandy and water, and, having got rid of her, applied himself to soothe the irritated feelings of Mary Austin, which had now found their vent in convulsive sobbings. The appearance of the viands aided his kindly endeavours; her sunken eyes became fixed on the meat, the words, "I will not eat in this house," died on her lips, and, in a few moments more, Manning was obliged to caution her not to feed voraciously, lest it might prove injurious to her.

With some interest he traced in the pencil-marks, ay, even in the blistering tears which marked pages speaking of repentance and judgment to come, the manifestation of a broken and a contrite spirit; for Mary was now indeed a Magdalen. While he was thus engaged, a door communicating with the bed-room opened, and leaning on the arm of her nurse, the once lovely girl tottered into the apartment. The light tresses which generally crown the victim of consumption for the sacrifice was not there; the bright blue eyes, shining with a supernatural lustre, as if preparing to gaze upon the mysteries of eternity, did not illumine those features; pale as stainless marble, for even the hectic of disease had ceased to be, they were lighted by the melancholy gleam of deep hazel orbs that looked larger than belonged to the once fair proportions of the face, from its extreme attenuation. Her dark hair was braided across the brow, descending in elf-like locks on either side her hollow cheeks, and altogether she presented a distressing picture of the insidious disease under which she was sinking, for it had shorn her of the beauty, once her pride and destruction, leaving a wreck which scarcely possessed

a single record of past loveliness. As Manning assisted her to a sofa, he could hardly believe the white-robed spectral form he supported was her whom he had gazed upon in the first blush of womanhood, the admired of all beholders."

We have only in conclusion to recommend *The Schoolfellows* to all lovers of strong and natural fiction, over which they may spend as interesting an hour as the best of such productions supply. Mr. Johns has fulfilled his task with great ability, and added another palm to his already very popular reputation.

On the Genius and Character of Burns. By Professor Wilson. 4to. Glasgow, 1841. Blackie and Son.

THERE are names wherein lie a spell. Much has been written, and finely, by many pens, of the greatest poet that ever really and truly sprang from the bosom of the people. He has found biographers in Currie, Lockhart, Cunningham, and Chambers; in Peterkin, Heron, Walker, Motherwell, Hogg, and a host of others of lower name; and his poems have been criticised by Jeffrey, by Campbell, by Scott, by Hazlitt, by Carlyle, by every periodical, from the portly "Quarterlys" down to the humble penny-a-weekers. From this so-often-gleaned field, not only did every scattered ear, but every pile of idle and worthless chaff, seem to have been carried away, when lo and behold!—an Essay on the Life and Writings of Robert Burns, by Professor Wilson! Our first impulse was to ask ourselves, What new can even he have to say on such a theme?

Having read the essay, we have been more than satisfied—we have been delighted; and we answer—much. The Professor has entered upon his task in a congenial spirit; he has traced the effects of external circumstances on the mind of the rural bard; he has exhibited the noble development of powers, which could burst through the gloom of an almost hopeless obscurity; he has pictured, with an admiring pencil, his noble, aspiring, self-possessed, laborious, and guileless youth; his triumphant manhood, and his sad decay, ere yet life's sun had reached its afternoon; and, above all, he has shewn, that erring although Robert Burns might occasionally have been, no man has suffered in his memory more from the imputations and insinuations of misguided friends; that he has been falsely and ignorantly maligned by those who ought to have known better, or to have been silent on the subject; and that, in fact, his celebrity as the poet has only acted as a bright haze to magnify the failings of the man. We are much mistaken if this essay will not do its work. It has effectually shorn most of what were considered the most noxious weeds from off his grave. It is full of knowledge, of critical acumen, of fervid eloquence, of generous enthusiasm. What can we say more? It is at once worthy of its author and his theme,—of Professor Wilson and of Robert Burns.

The critic at once takes high ground, many will think too high; but a specimen or two will suffice to shew that this is not the case. Here is the exordium:—

"Burns is by far the greatest poet that ever sprang from the bosom of the people, and lived and died in an humble condition. Indeed, no country in the world but Scotland could have produced such a man; and he will be for ever regarded as the glorious representative of the genius of his country. He was born a poet, if ever man was, and to his native genius alone

is owing the perpetuity of his fame. For he manifestly had never very deeply studied poetry as an art, nor reasoned much about its principles, nor looked abroad with the wide ken of intellect for objects and subjects on which to pour out his inspiration. The condition of the peasantry of Scotland, the happiest, perhaps, that Providence ever allowed to the children of labour, was not surveyed and speculated on by him as the field of poetry, but as the field of his own existence; and he chronicled the events that passed there, not merely as food for his imagination as a poet, but as food for his heart as a man. Hence, when inspired to compose poetry, poetry came gushing up from the well of his human affections, and he had nothing more to do than to pour it, like streams irrigating a meadow, in many a cheerful tide over the drooping flowers and fading verdure of life. Imbued with vivid perceptions, warm feelings, and strong passions, he sent his own existence into that of all things, animate and inanimate, around him; and not an occurrence in hamlet, village, or town, affecting in any way the happiness of the human heart, but roused as keen an interest in the soul of Burns, and as genial a sympathy, as if it had immediately concerned himself, and his own individual welfare. Most other poets of rural life have looked on it through the aerial veil of imagination—often beautified, no doubt, by such partial concealment, and beaming with a misty softness more delicate than the truth. But Burns would not thus indulge his fancy where he had felt—felt so poignantly, all the agonies and all the transports of life. He looked around him, and when he saw the smoke of the cottage rising up quietly and unbroken to heaven, he knew, for he had seen and blessed it, the quiet joy and unbroken contentment that slept below; and when he saw it driven and dispersed by the winds, he knew also but too well, for too sorely had he felt them, those agitations and disturbances which had shook him till he wept on his chaff bed. In reading his poetry, therefore, we know what unsubstantial dreams are all those of the golden age. But bliss beams upon us with a more subduing brightness through the dim melancholy that shrouds lowly life; and when the peasant Burns rises up in his might as Burns the poet, and is seen to derive all that might from the life which at this hour the peasantry of Scotland are leading, our hearts leap within us, because that such is our country, and such the nobility of her children. There is no delusion, no affectation, no exaggeration, no falsehood in the spirit of Burns's poetry. He rejoices like an untamed enthusiast, and he weeps like a prostrate penitent. In joy and in grief the whole man appears: some of his finest effusions were poured out before he left the fields of his childhood, and when he scarcely hoped for other auditors than his own heart, and the simple dwellers of the hamlet. He wrote not to please or surprise others (we speak of those first effusions), but in his own creative delight; and even after he had discovered his power to kindle the sparks of nature wherever they slumbered, the effect to be produced seldom seems to have been considered by him, assured that his poetry could not fail to produce the same passion in the hearts of other men from which it boiled over in his own. Out of himself, and beyond his own nearest and dearest concerns, he well could, but he did not much love often or long to go. His imagination wanted not wings broad and strong for highest flights. But he was most at home when walking on this earth, through this world, even along the banks and

braes of the streams of Coila. It seems as if his muse were loth to admit almost any thought, feeling, image, drawn from any other region than his native district, the hearthstone of his father's hut, the still or troubled chamber of his own generous and passionate bosom. Dear to him the jocund laughter of the reapers on the corn-field, the tears and sighs which his own strains had won from the children of nature enjoying the mid-day hour of rest beneath the shadow of the hedgerow tree. With what pathetic personal power, from all the circumstances of his character and condition, do many of his humblest lines affect us! Often, too often, as we hear him singing, we think that we see him suffering! 'Most musical, most melancholy,' he often is, even in his merriment! In him, alas! the transports of inspiration are but too closely allied with reality's kindred agonies! The strings of his lyre sometimes yield their finest music to the sighs of remorse or repentance. Whatever, therefore, be the faults or defects of the poetry of Burns, and no doubt it has many, it has, beyond all that ever was written, this greatest of all merits—intense, life-pervading, and life-breathing truth."

The leading facts of the life of Burns we need not enter upon, they are already sufficiently known to the reader; but never before, we safely venture to say, were they ever enveloped in a light so tender and so attractive. The Professor shews that he is perfectly conversant with the subject in all its bearings; that "love has he found in huts where poor men lie;" and that he has felt and can appreciate all the virtues that sweeten and adorn even the humblest situations of human life. After depicting the years of hard labour which were the fate of Robert Burns from boyhood and throughout youth—years, however, brightened by a silent devotion to the Muse, stern necessity is at length about to drive him from his native country for ever; and the poems which were as yet known only by recitation to a few friends, were thought of for publication to pay his passage to the West Indies. Having arrived at this era in the poet's life, thus writes the Professor:—

"And what was he going to do with all this poetry, poetry accumulating fast as his hand, released at night from other implements, could put it on paper, in bold, round, upright characters, that tell of fingers more familiar with the plough than the pen? He himself sometimes must have wondered to find every receptacle in the spence crammed with manuscripts, to say nothing of the many others floating about all over the country, and setting the smiddies in a roar; and not a few, of which nothing was said, folded in the breast-kerchiefs of maidens, put therein by his own hand on the lea-rig, beneath the milk-white thorn. What brought him out into the face of day as a Poet? Of all the women Burns ever loved, Mary Campbell not excepted, the dearest to him by far, from first to last, was Jean Armour. During composition her image rises up from his heart before his eyes the instant he touches on any thought or feeling with which she could be in any way connected; and sometimes his allusions to her might even seem out of place, did they not please us, by letting us know that he could not altogether forget her, whatever the subject his muse had chosen. Others may have inspired more poetical strains, but there is an earnestness in his fervours at her name, that brings her breathing in warm flesh and blood to his breast. Highland Mary he would have made his wife, and perhaps broken her heart. He loved her

living, as a creature in a dream, dead as a spirit in heaven. But Jean Armour possessed his heart in the stormiest season of his passions, and she possessed it in the lull that preceded their dissolution. She was well worthy of his affection, on account of her excellent qualities, and, though never beautiful, had many personal attractions. But Burns felt himself bound to her by that inscrutable mystery in the soul of every man, by which one other being, and one only, is believed, and truly, to be essential to his happiness here,—without whom life is not life. Her strict and stern father, enraged out of all religion both natural and revealed, with his daughter for having sinned with a man of sin, tore from her hands her marriage lines as she besought forgiveness on her knees; and, without pity for the life stirring within her, terrified her into the surrender and renunciation of the title of wife, branding her thereby with an abhorred name. A father's power is sometimes very terrible, and it was so here; for she submitted, with less outward show of agony than can be well understood, and Burns almost became a madman. His worldly circumstances were wholly desperate, for had seasons had stricken dead the cold soil of Moss-giel; but he was willing to work for his wife in ditches, or to support her for awhile at home, by his wages as a negro-driver in the West Indies."

And again:—

"Twenty pounds would enable him to leave Scotland, and take him to Jamaica; and to raise them, it occurred to Robert Burns to publish his poems by subscription! 'I was pretty confident my poems would meet with some applause; but, at the worst, the roar of the Atlantic would deafen the voice of censure, and the novelty of West Indian scenes make me forget neglect. I threw off six hundred copies, of which I got subscriptions for about three hundred and sixty. My vanity was highly gratified by the reception I met with from the public; and besides, I pocketed all expenses deducted, near twenty pounds. This sum came very seasonably, as I was thinking of indenturing myself for want of money to procure my passage. As soon as I was master of nine guineas, the price of wafting me to the torrid zone, I took a steerage passage in the first ship that was to sail for the Clyde, 'For hungry ruin had me in the wind.' The ship sailed; but Burns was still at Moss-giel, for his strong heart could not tear itself away from Scotland, and some of his friends encouraged him to hope that he might be made a gauger! In a few months he was about to be hailed by the universal acclamation of his country a great national poet. But the enjoyment of his fame all round his birth-place, 'the heart and the main region of his song,' intense as we know it was, though it assuaged, could not still the troubles of his heart; his life amidst it all was as hopeless as when it was obscure; his chest was on its road to Greenock, where he was to embark in a few days for America,' and again he sung,—

'Farewell old Coila's hills and dales,
Her heathy moors and winding valleys,
The scenes where wretched fancy roves,
Pursuing past unhappy loves.
Farewell my friends, farewell my foes,
My peace with these, my love with those—
The bursting tears my heart declare,
Farewell the bonny banks of Ayr!'

when a few words from a blind old man to a country clergyman kindled within him a new hope, and set his heart on fire; and while

'November winds blew loud wi' angry sighs,'

'I posted away to Edinburgh without a single acquaintance, or a single letter of introduction. The baneful star that had so long shed its blasting influence on my zenith for once made a revolution to the nadir.'"

The life of Burns at once emerged from the shade into the sunshine. From the sequestration of rural life and the society of the unlettered, he at once found himself face to face with the gay, the rich, and the learned, of the Scottish metropolis. Yet his self-possession forsook him not, and he made it be felt by all around him that his intellectual powers were of the highest order. The Professor beautifully illustrates this in his allusions to Dugald Stewart, Dr. Moore, Mr. Alison, and Harry Erskine; and thus comments:—

"Robert Burns was not the man to have degraded himself everlastingly, by one moment's seeming slight or neglect of friends, new or old, belonging either to his own condition, or to a rank in life somewhat higher, perhaps, than his own, although not exactly to that 'select society' to which the wonder awakened by his genius had given him a sudden introduction. Persons in that middle, or inferior, rank were his natural, his best, and his truest friends; and many of them, there can be no doubt, were worthy of his happiest companionship, either in the festal hour or the hour of closer communion. He had no right, with all his genius, to stand aloof from them, and with a heart like his he had no inclination. Why should he have lived exclusively with lords and ladies—paper or landlords—ladies by descent or courtesy—with aristocratic advocates, philosophical professors, clergymen, wild or moderate, Arminian or Calvinistic? Some of them were among the first men of their age; others were doubtless not ineredite, and a few not unwitty in their own esteem; and Burns greatly enjoyed their society, in which he met with an admiration that must have been to him the pleasure of a perpetual triumph. But more of them were dull and pompous; incapable of rightly estimating or feeling the power of his genius; and when the glitter and the gloss of novelty was worn off before their shallow eyes, from the poet who bore them all down into insignificance, then no doubt they began to get offended and shocked with his rusticity or rudeness, and sought refuge in the distinctions of rank, and the laws, not to be violated with impunity, of 'select society.' The patronage he received was honourable, and he felt it to be so; but it was still patronage; and had he, for the sake of it or its givers, forgotten for a day the humblest, lowest, meanest of his friends, or even his acquaintances, how could he have borne to read his own two bold lines—

'The rank is but the guinea stamp,
'The man's the gowd for a' that?'

Besides, we know from Burns's poetry what was then the character of the people of Scotland, for they were its materials, its staple. Her peasantry were a noble race, and their virtues moralised his song. The inhabitants of the towns were of the same family—the same blood—one kindred—and many, most of them, had been born, or in some measure bred, in the country. Their ways of thinking, feeling, and acting, were much alike; and the shopkeepers of Edinburgh and Glasgow were as proud of Robert Burns as the ploughmen and shepherds of Kyle and the Stewartry. He saw in them friends and brothers. Their admiration of him was, perhaps, fully more sincere and heartfelt, nor accompanied with less understanding of his merits, than that of persons in higher places;

and, most assuredly, among the respectable citizens of Edinburgh, Burns found more lasting friends than he ever did among her gentry and noblesse. Nor can we doubt that then, as now, there were in that order great numbers of men of well-cultivated minds, whom Burns, in his best hours, did right to honour, and who were perfectly entitled to seek his society, and to open their hospitable doors to the brilliant stranger. That Burns, whose sympathies were keen and wide, and who never dreamt of looking down on others as beneath him, merely because he was conscious of his own vast superiority to the common run of men, should have shunned or been shy of such society, would have been something altogether unnatural and incredible; nor is it at all wonderful or blamable that he should occasionally even have much preferred such society to that which has been called 'more select,' and therefore above his natural and proper condition. Admirably as he in general behaved in the higher circles, in those humbler ones alone could he have felt himself completely at home. His demeanour among the rich, the great, the learned, or the wise, must often have been subject to some little restraint; and all restraint of that sort is ever painful; or, what is worse still, his talk must sometimes have partaken of display. With companions and friends, who claimed no superiority in any thing, the sensitive mind of Burns must have been at its best and happiest, because completely at its ease, and free movement given to the play of all its feelings and faculties; and in such companies we cannot but believe that his wonderful conversational powers shone forth in their most various splendour. He must have given vent there to a thousand familiar fancies, in all their freedom and all their force, which, in the fastidious society of high life, his imagination must have been too much fettered even to conceive; and which, had they flowed from his lips, would either not have been understood, or would have given offence to that delicacy of breeding which is often hurt even by the best manners of those whose manners are all of nature's teaching, and unsubjected to the salutary restraints of artificial life. Indeed, we know that Burns sometimes burst suddenly and alarmingly the restraints of 'select society,' and that on one occasion he called a clergyman an idiot for misquoting Gray's 'Elegy,'—a truth that ought not to have been promulgated in presence of the parson, especially at so early a meal as breakfast: and he confesses in his most confidential letters, though indeed he was then writing with some bitterness, that he never had been truly and entirely happy at rich men's feasts. If so, then never could he have displayed there his genius in full power and lustre. His noble rage must in some measure have been repressed—the genial current of his soul in some degree frozen. He never was, never could be, the free, fearless, irresistible Robert Burns that nature made him,—no, not even although he carried the Duchess of Gordon off her feet, and silenced two Ex-Moderators of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland."

After dissertating, *serialim*, on the most important of the immortal poems, and criticising them in a style and spirit such as no one, who is not himself a poet, could possibly have done, he then takes Burns up in a lower walk, as a satirist; and these are part of his strictures:—

"It was in the humorous, the comic, the satirical, that he first tried and proved his strength. Exulting to find that a rush of

words was ready at his will—that no sooner flashed his fancies than on the instant they were embodied, he wanted and revelled among the subjects that had always seemed to him the most risible, whatever might be the kind of laughter, simple or compound—pure mirth, or a mixture of mirth and contempt, even of indignation and scorn—mirth still being the chief ingredient that qualified the whole—and these, as you know, were all included within the 'Sanctimonious,' from which Burns believed the Sacred to be excluded; but there lay the danger, and there the blame, if he transgressed the holy bounds. His satires were unsparingly directed against certain ministers of the gospel, whose Calvinism he thought was not Christianity; whose characters were to him odious, their persons ridiculous, their manners in the pulpit irreverent, and out of it absurd; and having frequent opportunities of seeing and hearing them in all their glory, he made studies of them *con amore* on the spot, and at home from abundant materials with a master's hand elaborated finished pictures, for some of them are no less, which when hung out for public inspection in market-places, brought the originals before crowds of gazers transported into applause. Was this wicked? Wicked we think too strong a word; but we cannot say that it was not reprehensible, for to all-sweeping satire there must be some exception—and exaggeration cannot be truth. Burns by his irregularities had incurred ecclesiastical censure, and it has not unfairly been said that personal spite barbed the sting of his satire. Yet we fear such censure had been but too lightly regarded by him; and we are disposed to think that his ridicule, however blamable on other grounds, was free from malignity, and that his genius for the comic rioted in the pleasure of sympathy and the pride of power. To those who regard the persons he thus satirised as truly belonging to the old Covenanters, and Saints of a more ancient time, such satires must seem shameful and sinful; to us who regard 'Rumble John' and his brethren in no such light, they appear venial offences, and not so horrible as Hudibrastic. A good many years after Burns's death, in our boyhood, we sometimes saw and heard more than one of those worthies, and cannot think his descriptions greatly overcharged. We remember walking one day—unknown to us a fast-day—in the neighbourhood of an ancient fortress, and hearing a noise to be likened to nothing imaginable on this earth but the bellowing of a buffalo fallen into a trap upon a tiger, which, as we came within half a mile of the castle, we discerned to be the voice of a pastor engaged in public prayer. His physiognomy was little less alarming than his voice, and his sermon corresponded with his looks and his lungs; the whole being, indeed, an extraordinary exhibition of divine worship. We never can think it sinful that Burns should have been humorous on such a pulpit; and if we shudder at some of the verses in which he seems yet alive, it is not at the satirist."

The observations on Burns as a song-writer, on the ignorance or unfairness of most of his biographers, and on his last illness and death, we must defer till another Number.

The Mountains and Lakes of Switzerland, with Descriptive Sketches of Other Parts of the Continent. By Mrs. Bray, author of "Trelawny," &c. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1841. Longman and Co.

Some people are fond of one sort of book and

some of another; some admire the formal and some the *déshabillé*; some the full-dressed and some the nightgown-and-slipper style; some wish most particularly to have an intimate acquaintance with the persons of the writers, and to gossip with them on the most familiar terms, whilst others denounce such gossipry as twaddle, and such *personalifiability* as away from the true ends and purposes of authorship. Those who read Mrs. Bray will be pleased to learn that she fairly starts and continues with her readers as if they were old friends or near relations, (indeed the letters are addressed to her brother, Mr. A. J. Kempe, an excellent antiquary and most estimable man, whose son accompanied her and her husband on their tour); and through the major part of these three volumes treats them accordingly, and as if they took a warm interest in her doings and drinkings, sleepings and wakings, and all those little matters which are so agreeable to be told to good-humoured family and amicable circles. If they dislike gossiping we warn them against this publication, but if they enjoy that sweet egotistical vein which thinks every little trait and circumstance of consequence when connected with those we like, they may proceed at once, with a full hope of satisfaction, to the mountains and lakes of Switzerland, &c., in company with the worthy vicar of Tavistock, his lady, and Mr. A. Kempe, the nephew aforesaid; the two latter having previously visited foreign lands and the former never, so that his lucubrations appear as the "first impressions of a sexagenarian."

As a help and sample we commence our illustrations from the voyage to and landing at Ostend:—

The vessel, "from the rising of the gale (Mrs. B. informs us) and the swell of the sea, rolled so much that I could not stand. I was compelled to find a seat on one of the benches. And now began what may truly be called the horrors of the passage. One after the other, every passenger on board, excepting a very few among the gentlemen, and myself amongst the ladies, became sick. Not only were the berths and sofas in the several cabins filled, but even the floors of those apartments were covered with the sick. My nephew, on first feeling ill, betook himself to his berth. My husband remained where he was, sitting by my side on the fixed bench on deck, but in such a state as to render all attempts on my part to give him the least assistance perfectly useless. He was so ill, he seemed more dead than alive, and to be quite indifferent to the spray of the sea, which, as the weather grew worse towards sun-down, increased upon us, and came in such showers, that had not the captain, who complimented me on being the best sailor he had amongst the passengers, lent me a watch-coat, as thick and rough as a bear's hide, I must have been wet through. But for the illness of Mr. Bray, I should, notwithstanding all this, have enjoyed the closing in of the day, amid such a wild waste of waters, a scene of such utter desolation as that which presented itself on every side when we lost sight of land. But his illness made me wish for nothing but the port at Ostend; for though I wrapped him up, and chafed his hands, he continued as cold as death; and, I fancied, to a certain extent, stupefied; for, although he every now and then raised his head, as well as he could, and looked at so fine a sight as that presented by the waves (as they rolled on dashing themselves against the sides of the steamer, in a sheet of boiling foam, and receding, left us in the very hollow they had

made), yet he seemed scarcely excited by the spectacle; and only some slight remark, uttered in so feeble a tone I could scarcely hear it, escaped his lips."

What a pretty picture of conjugal affection! but how sick poor Mr. Bray must have been! And they had little comfort when they landed at midnight, for the *sac de nuit*, the important carpet-bag for the bedroom, was lost or mislaid, and our fair authoress says:—

"At length we retired to rest, being conducted to our chambers by an old woman, who spoke English just well enough to make it appear that she was likely to misunderstand us less if we talked to her in that tongue than in French, and we had no French among us. We did pretty well, and went to bed without being at all fastidious about the comfort of our sleeping apartments, though a mistake having occurred in the carpet-bag, which we wished to have brought on shore, our necessary effects were left behind, and I went to rest with a petticoat converted into a sort of wimple and head-gear for lack of a nightcap."

This is an amusing familiar picture, but its piquancy is increased by the description of Mr. Bray's bed-fashions, which occurs a few pages on and completes the idea. In his notes he states:—

"My passport describes me truly as *six pieds Anglais de taille*: now most of the beds I have been in on the Continent are, I believe, an inch or two short of it. It is supposed that, by the relaxation of the nerves and sinews, we measure more asleep than when awake; judge, therefore, how little I could be at ease in a bed of such dimensions. The only chance of lying at my full length was by putting myself in a diagonal direction. It is true that, by the elevation of the bolster and a large square pillow, the body may be placed in a kind of recumbent posture, as that of Theseus in the Elgin marbles; but it is not to be expected that every Englishman will take lessons of a French posture-master, or that, if he did, his body would be so supple as that of his neighbours. As thus I lay, I could only compare myself to an Egyptian figure cut in granite, equally stiff and immovable. The bed at Ostend, indeed, was more like an Egyptian sarcophagus than it was like what we call a bed in England; and the superstructure had no small resemblance to a pyramid, though by no means of so durable a nature. My wife says that, when she first visited France, she happened to seat herself upon one of the curtains, and drew down upon her head the pole, canopy, and all together. In a posture less easy than that of an armed Templar, my toes were at right angles with my heels; and as this is the attitude in which I am sometimes forced to place myself, in order to get rid of the cramp, it reminded me but too frequently (did I but occasionally forget it) of my cramped position; and, to add to my discomfort, the sole of my foot came more than once in contact (from the impossibility of tucking in the clothes) with the foot-board of the bed, rendered still colder by French polish."

From this little piece of kindly domesticity we may observe how travellers are often obliged to lie; and being ourselves about Mr. Bray's standard, we feel a powerful sympathy in the wimple investiture and the diagonal recumbency. But it is these amiable scenes which, as we have observed, will be the charm of the book to those who love the *naïve* simplicity of confiding authors letting us in to all their bits

of secrets as if we were one of themselves. But, in the same spirit, it is now time to introduce Mr. A. Kempe, who seems to have been a most useful squire:—

"We left (says his uncle) Brussels in the diligence, being fortunate enough to get the *coupé* to ourselves. This, excepting the difficulty of getting into it, is as comfortable as a post-chaise; indeed, in point of room, more so. It was the first time I had ever been drawn by three horses abreast. I compared this clumsy machine to one that probably was still more clumsy, namely, a triumphal car. 'If so,' said my wife's nephew, who was seated in the middle, 'I have the greatest pretensions to be considered the conqueror.' 'Yes,' I replied, 'while your aunt is the victory to crown you with laurel, and I the slave to remind you that you are mortal.'"

This neat classic touch is followed by many a deserved compliment to Mr. Alfred, about whom Mrs. Bray's anxieties shew a most sincere affection, whether he adventures to ascend the lofty cathedral—to thread the mountain defiles—to climb the glacier—to perambulate the narrow ledge—to cross the narrow and shaky bridge—or, in short, encounter any of those awful perils to which sight-seeing in Switzerland is exposed. But, after all, Mr. Alfred's ruling passion appears to have been a whimsical, and his aunt's accounts of its continual pursuit are diverting; it was to teach the innkeepers, their wives, daughters, cooks, and chambermaids, wherever the party stopped, to make a decoction of such leaves as they happened to have by them in the name of tea. No Tee-totaler could have been more zealous; and the efforts of the stupid Germans and ignorant Swiss to comprehend and obey the young gentleman's instructions are truly grotesque and amusing. At one place they will strain the hot water through soapy towels; at another, they ladle it out of the kitchen caldron; at very few places can they be induced to make it boil; and at all, as Mrs. Bray assures us, the composition was a nauseous and unrefreshing drink. One instance of the many experiments in this way; it is at the village inn of Lenzkirch:—

"We were waited upon by a young woman, who told us she was the *filie de la maison*, which is very different from being the *filie de chambre*, since the first implies the rank of landlord's daughter, and the second only that of servant in the inn. Our *filie de la maison* was pronounced by my companions to be tolerably pretty; she was certainly naturally genteel, and there was something of the air of Paris in her curtsy and address, though I found she had never been beyond her native mountains. I did my best to make acquaintance with her, and succeeded. She was perfectly good-humoured, and submitted to all the running up and down stairs, and getting slop-basins, and changing musty teapots for those that might be sweet, and trying to procure something more fresh than the few spoonfuls of old tea she had produced, as well as making many efforts to find a substitute for a teakettle, and all this trouble (which no German would think of giving, indeed none but an Englishman) she bore without a murmur. At length my nephew, in despair, went down to the kitchen himself, and there had the boiling water ladled into his teapot, from a great caldron, by an old woman."

And this plague of tea-making brings us to another frequent subject, viz. Mr. Murray's "Handbook," of which, at the outset, and *en masse*, Mrs. Bray speaks very favourably; but, in the course of her travels, mentions

a number of cases in which its intelligence failed or misled them. Thus:—

"I was so faint with fatigue and hunger, I preferred taking supper with Mr. Bray to tea with my nephew; and, indeed, nothing but such a determined taste for every thing that bore but the form of tea could have induced him to swallow such infusions of gooseberry and other leaves as he managed to get down under the name of that most pleasant drink. I soon found that a *potage* (that is, a kind of milk-soup with vermicelli in it) was the best substitute I could hit upon when fatigued and hungry of an evening, as I really could not swallow the messes of tea over which my nephew and Mr. Bray used to regale themselves; till, at last, the latter gave it up, but the former never did. The preparation for it was formidable; there used to be such a difficulty, frequently such an impossibility, of getting the waiters to understand that it was absolutely necessary to make the water boil before my nephew could make his imaginary tea; and then there was such a set of crazy and perilous tea-urns and kettles, and such substitutes for those utensils; and once he had his hot water ladled out of a great caldron by an old woman who might have passed for one of the witches in 'Macbeth.' Not unfrequently, store, kettle, and all, were brought into the room in a machine, in shape something like a portable Roman altar; yet even where there was this apparatus, there was difficulty, and disappointment, and delay, in attempting to accomplish the object of boiling the water; and if that operation proved successful, it generally only drew out the stronger the detestable flavour of the compound of dry leaves intended to represent the tea. On such occasions I never spared my nephew, for I had been very earnest with him to induce him to purchase some small stock before we left England. But he, putting more faith in the 'Handbook' than in my experience, slighted my counsel; and on the faith of Mr. Murray's assurance that good tea would be found in Switzerland, he went on expecting to meet with it every where, but found it nowhere after he left Brussels."

The Continent, upon the whole, therefore, seems as if it would be a poor field for a Father Mathew, Mr. Buckingham, or any other Tee-total missionary. But again of the "Handbook." At Schaffhausen, we are told:—

"Our landlord of the Crown was a young, and really, for his station, quite a gentlemanly person; he spoke German, French, and English; he said he had been in England for some time, in the family of a clergyman in Kent. The apartments we occupied at his house were elegantly furnished, remarkably nice, and we fared well at a very moderate cost. We found our host in great distress of mind on account of his inn being almost universally shunned by the English. This arose from a censure passed upon it in the 'Hand-book of Switzerland.' How this happened he declared he could not even conjecture, unless it might be that some enemy had misrepresented him to Mr. Murray. His father, who was an old and respectable-looking man, told me, with tears in his eyes, that it had nearly ruined the house; and when I informed him that I knew Mr. Murray very well, that both that gentleman and his family were friends I highly esteemed, and that on my return to England I would lose no time to lay the case of the Crown at Schaffhausen before him, the gratitude of both father and son seemed to know no bounds."

On the contrary, at Yverdon it is stated:—

"Respecting ourselves, I have but one inci-

dent to note here. It occurred at the *Maison Rouge*, which Mr. Murray's book commends for its good and reasonable fare. For a most wretched dinner, consisting only of a few stale dishes warmed up, and half a bottle of miserable sour wine, we were charged ten francs, though it was so bad we scarcely tasted what was put before us. We thought there was something very knavish about the *garçon* who waited upon us; and so we are led to hope that the master of the house was not answerable for the imposition: we had not time to see him."

There are, as we have observed, numerous cases of the same sort; but it must be obvious that the conduct and accommodation at inns are extremely liable to change and variation; and that all any guide can do is to tell us truly how he fared and was charged. The very dread of having such publications over their heads, must have a salutary effect upon a class of persons, than whom no tradesmen whatever know better how to fleece their customers. In regard to these matters Mrs. Bray is particular; and we generally learn from her what sort of food, cookery, and potables, awaited them at their resting stages; and it must be confessed that her descriptions of German and Swiss messes are by no means inviting to the epicure or gastronome. The following simile arising out of the subject is new:—

"I sincerely hope (she writes in her introductory letter) you may find some little amusement in the contents of these packets; but should they fail to interest you in the reading, as, by such means, I shall travel my journey over again, and with many advantages; for, if you will allow so homely a comparison, I would not be like one who takes a hasty snack rather than a substantial dinner. He who does the former, contents himself with a slight relish *en passant*; but he who consults his health, with nothing less than a solid meal sufficient for the purposes of wholesome nutriment after good digestion."

This we hold to be proof that it is well both for tourists and dinnerists to be *ruminating* animals.

But it is time to leave these features of the work to say that, in all that relates to cathedral antiquities and arts, the observations are of a superior order; and that some of the descriptions of scenery are good, though the ground has been much trodden; and the fair author ascribes to herself a deficiency rather against the possession of a talent for that sort of writing in relation to Switzerland. She says:—

"The path appeared to me so difficult, that I confess I felt afraid to proceed. My fear arose not from a moral so much as a physical cause. In the year 1825 I received a concussion of the brain, from a fall down a flight of stairs in my own house: but for the mercy of God, and the immediate assistance of a skilful surgeon, I must have lost my life. Ever since I have never been able to look down from a height, not even from a window much raised from the ground, without experiencing a sensation of horror, that often brings on vertigo, and over which, neither reason nor a conviction of safety has the least restraining power. The cause of such sensations I do not attempt to define, but such is the fact."

It is wonderful how well she has succeeded, considering!

Among minor points, we may note that she states Wellington and Blücher to have met at La Belle Alliance (p. 68, vol. i.), which they

never did; that she has offended grammar by writing set for sit (p. 142); and that she spells Cordilliers, Cordi-liars,—but then, the whole party are stout anti-papistical. In compensation for such minor errors, we may set minor graces.

Ex. gr. :—

"Going to a house, or a place, I was familiar with in childhood or in early youth,—seeing the face of the friend of other days come before me, bearing those marks of change for which I was prepared, since my reason told me it must be so,—yet, though thus prepared, such marks of decay always give me, on first looking upon them, the feeling of surprise, of regret that my memory should be more faithful to the features of my friend than those features are to themselves, for they are changed."

In the sky there was scarcely the smallest cloud to be seen. Skies of this kind (though called Italian, and often painted by the old masters,) I never can admire. To me, the clouds form the very poetry of the heavens."

The character of a poet and cicerone at Freiburg (also spelt Freyburg) is entertaining, and, we are sorry to say, too long for extract: we, however, copy the end of it:—

"Hail, old England! sacred for hero's breast—
Revered for freedom, and with freedom blest;
Where generous feeling and virtue prevail,
And trade and valour around her isle sail;
Where sense of honour guides Britains with smile,
And freedom's people her sea-begirt isle,
No hostile intruding power hurls the laws,—
Laws of freedom, and every righteous cause.
E'en when war's tumult afar did astray,
And ruled others with arbitrary sway,
Thou, lone of Europe, scoutest to be his slave,
Thy all-conquering fleets keep his shores all save;
Blest in dear highlands, and vales, and fair land,
High, eminent, of valour ever fond."

But you have had enough of our poet's poetry. Let me now speak of his philosophy, his sentiments, and his prose. I shall give an example of each. He had been very importunate with my nephew, on the morning after our arrival, to induce him to accompany him up a high hill without the town, in order to look upon that fine view which he had described in a part of his poem of 'The Storm.' But my nephew had no mind to climb up a mountainous ascent under a broiling hot sun: he declined, therefore, the proposal, but consented to go with him to look about the town. But the philosophical poet would not be satisfied, and, still bent on making my nephew undertake the ascent, he thus endeavoured to reason him into compliance on the ground of philosophy and truth:—"Pray, sir, don't be afraid to go; every person goes with me to see the fine scenery from the hill top; and, sir, don't physicians, for diseases of man, order man to perspire? and don't man perspire, and get well of his diseases by perspirations? Consequence plain—perspirations is good for man—good, therefore, to go up a high hill, with a hot sun; sure to get perspirations in that way." Having given you a sample of our poet's medical philosophy, take one of his moral, which, at the same time, will give you no insufficient idea of his style of writing and discourse in plain prose, for the one closely resembled the other. It will also convey to you some information respecting his sentiments and opinions on a subject of no small importance to most men—the choice of a profession. He thus declared the feelings which had decided him in regard to his own. As well as I can recollect, these were his words:—"Mild ideas of satisfaction I consider to be inconsistent with arbitrary base-ness and iniquity, that hurt other good-natured men's better feelings, as I say in my summary treatise of the minister and stepple of

Friburg, or Baden (the lady has got my treatise). We may advance in moral policies from cruel rivalships and discordant jealousies to a conduct of decency in concordance with ingenious amateness and the love of man; and avoid prodigal dilapidations of the social orders, by not interfering with systematic good, in other men's getting their bread by the different ways in which they advance, by the means of persuasive industry, to do the rights of all mysterious trades and occupations in the businesses in which they set up. I never could conciliate it to my own sensations of the simplicity of our forefathers' hospitality and exemplary virtues, having attained the zenith of perfection, as they did, in the superabundance of constructions of Gothic architecture in the minster and steeple of Friburg, in Baden, to give degenerating wounds, and to awake cruel frauds, in taking up any path of life where others, shunning the pathless wildernesses of vices and follies (as I have said in my treatise, in the last page). I never could do these selfish brutalities. And so, anxious to promote ingenious happiness, and parsimoniously leading an ever kind life for the love of man, I thought that to learn English (and many English gentlemen say my poem of 'The Storm' shews, with a copious fullness more than many of the English themselves possess, how I am acquired in that tongue)—I thought to learn the English language, and to become a guide to that nation, as strangers come over many cross-ways, and long hardships of journeys, to visit the minster and steeple of Friburg, would do harm to nobody, and take from nobody the urbanity of nature's ingenious constructions of society, in other men's ways of different required trades in gaining their bread. These were my sentiments for becoming a guide to the English in Friburg; and many of that generous nation, particularly an English colonel, who came here last week from the East Indies (Queen Victoria sent for him), have made a confidence with me, and desiring being blinded in this erroneous sphere by human pride, have, with deepest impressions of nature's mildness, gone up the hill with me to see the view of the town and minster, which you could, with every possible ease and comfortable satisfaction, see also, if you would but go, and you ought to go before you go away, after seeing the minster of Friburg.' Fancy this, and many similar speeches, delivered without the slightest pause for breath, and as rapidly as one word could follow another, and you may have some faint idea of the eloquence and the amusement afforded us by our incomparable poet of Friburg.

Of the inconveniences of Continental travelling, the following are among Mrs. Bray's complaints:—

"The chambermaids have, in general, a master-key, so that they can at all times enter your apartment. Your beds are as various as imagination can conceive: sometimes you sleep on feathers, at others on wool, then on horse-hair, but most commonly on straw. I have seen mattresses of this kind in Switzerland, with a couple of holes left in them, into which the chambermaids thrust their hands in order to shake up the straw, and so you have your bed made: sometimes you have a blanket under you, and at others only the sheet. The sheets are never mangled nor ironed; you have them smelling like spermaceti (so offensive is the soap), just as they were dried, after washing in the river."

We conclude with some Amsterdam anecdotes of the ex-King of Holland, as related by an attendant at the hotel:—

"The king is in the habit of speaking to his subjects with the utmost kindness and familiarity. As he was walking in one of the by-streets of the Hague, on being overtaken by a shower of rain, he saw some children at play near the door of a poor dwelling, and asked if he might shelter himself under it. Being requested by their mother to walk in, he inquired where her husband was; when, bursting into tears, she said that he had long been buried in the field of Waterloo. The king asked her name, and, on hearing it, said he did not recollect that it was on the pension-list, and expressed his wonder that she had not presented her petition. She said that she had done so again and again, but that the minister refused to receive it. The king then took down her name, and all particulars respecting her late husband; saw the minister, and expressed his displeasure, telling him that he would discard him if he so conducted himself again, and ordered the pension, together with the arrears, to be paid to the poor widow. His majesty once was passing by when a milk-woman fell with her barrow, and so hurt herself that she could not proceed with it. He not only helped her up, gave her more than the worth of what she had lost, but wheeled the barrow himself to the spot whither she was going."

Journal of a Residence in Circassia during the Years 1837, 1838, and 1839. By J. S. Bell. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1840. Moxon.

OWING to circumstances mentioned in our "Notice to Correspondents" last week, this interesting work has been published longer *sub silentio* than it is customary with us to leave such a performance unreviewed. We have now the pleasure to direct attention to it as the latest account of a country of much political importance at this moment, and remarkable for the character and manners of its population. Of the former, however, it is not our province to speak, and of the latter we have had several opportunities to treat, so as to render it less necessary to go again at any length into the subject. A few extracts of the most curious matters may serve our purpose; but we begin with a general notice from the preface. Mr. Bell observes,—

"That considerable materials for a history of the Caucasian tribes in general do exist in the literatures of Greece and Rome, of the Turks and Arabs, I firmly believe; but I doubt whether these sources have yet been exhaustively investigated, or their value as evidence critically examined. The most cursory view, however, of the past and present history of the Caucasian Isthmus leads to the conclusion that the mass of the Caucasian tribes, in comparison with those of the tribes by which they are surrounded, is what may be called aboriginal or indigenous. Their languages differ materially from those of the Indo-Germanic, Semitic, Mongol, and Slavonic nations, by whom their frontiers have been successively encroached upon. The state of society (at least in the parts which I have visited) seems to indicate a people independently engaged in the process of developing home-born laws and institutions, which have contracted a slight colouring at times from the reflected light of more advanced neighbours. And turning to those great tides of national conquest, which alone history in the early times attempted to portray—

Fins, Teutons, Mongols, Calmucks, Huns,
The North's fair and the South's dusk sons,
Roll'd to the westward from afar
In tide-waves of ensanguined war—

they seem all to have swept past the central

mass of the Caucasus, wetting it at most in a transient manner, by some chance billow which rose higher than its fellows. The northern limits of Persian and Assyrian conquest are pre-eminently vague, but they do not appear to have done more at the utmost than to have reached the Caucasus. The legislation of the Byzantine empire sufficiently attests that neither Greeks nor Romans conquered or dislodged the tribes of the central Caucasus. The Arabs were engaged in inroads on the eastern and southern bases of this great mountain-range, when their progress was arrested by the growing ascendancy of the Turks. The great Turkish immigration swept past the base of the Caucasus on the south; that of the Tatars or Mongols on the north. The substitution of a Slavonic rival of Turkish ascendancy for a Tatar or Mongol rival has not yet altered this state of affairs. The struggles of the domesticated nations have been confined to the plains; the mountain-range is still occupied by the aboriginal tribes. Some scanty traces of antiquity which I have noted seem to point out the portions of the Byzantine, Arabian, Turkish, Mongolian, and Slavonic records, in which notices of the Caucasian tribes may be sought, with the greatest probability of success. Some interesting particulars might be discovered in the records of the Republic of Genoa, and perhaps also in the annals of the kingdom of Georgia. The subject is worthy of being followed up (by some one better fitted to the task than I can pretend to be), both as a contribution to the history of human society, and as bearing directly upon the great practical questions which at present engage, or ought to engage, the attention of the civilised world. One great inducement to publication having been my desire to draw attention to the existing condition and prospects of the Circassian tribes, while circumstances so greatly conduce to give these subjects an exciting interest, I should have let a valuable opportunity pass by, if I had waited to make the investigations necessary, in order to entitle me to express fully my own opinion of the history of Circassia. And apart from all personal considerations, I cannot but look upon it as advantageous to the public—to the nation, that I should thus early communicate such information as I possess in regard to the present situation of that country. I have therefore remained satisfied with telling what I saw, and what I thought while it was passing before my eyes. My facts are, I believe, candidly narrated; my opinions are my own, and liable to error; but I have endeavoured that they should not be so confounded with my narrative of events as to falsify it, should they themselves prove inaccurate. The facts which I have stated seem to me to warrant the opinion I have intimated above, that the Circassians are an aboriginal race, and that, although their modes of thought may have occasionally received a tinge from their Christian and Mussulman neighbours, they are essentially a self-educated people."

Our next quotation explains some particulars of their social institutions:—

"There has been held here to-day the trial of a case of theft. The assemblage consisted of the judge of the district, (with a great book of Turkish law, copiously indexed,) our venerable host, and some dozen other seniors, as assessors. The number of the latter varies according to the importance of the case, but six from each of the fraternities concerned is the minimum. The delinquency in question was the theft of an axe; but being the

second offence committed by the culprit, the punishment was necessarily more severe. A fine of twenty-four oxen was therefore first agreed on; but upon a representation having been made as to the poverty of the thief, the fine, after much debate, was reduced to fifteen oxen. To these trials witnesses are cited, who are first examined as to their faith, and (if Mussulmans) are made to take an oath on the Koran to speak truth. But their testimony, nevertheless, has weight only in proportion to their known credibility; and the testimony of a person of bad character is considered inadmissible. The culprit also is examined, and is permitted to speak for himself, and to cross-question the witnesses. The proceedings, as may be supposed (from the characters of the witnesses being occasionally matter of debate), are often very tedious, and occupy several successive days, sometimes weeks; and during this time, if the case be of such importance that people are brought from a distance to it, the plaintiff and defendant must respectively maintain their assessors and witnesses. The successful party has also to make a payment to the judge, varying from two to four per cent. These are all the charges which either of the parties can be put to. It is incumbent on the fraternities to enforce the execution of the sentences of the tribunal, and each fraternity must aid the families of its members (according to certain fixed proportions) in paying the fines imposed for homicide (of whatever sort), and other criminal or fortuitous delinquencies. Time (often to a considerable extent) is allowed to the culprit or his family for the payment of his proportion of the fine awarded against him; but in cases such as homicide, death, or some other severe penalty, is inflicted in the event of over-protracted payment. Every individual (including serfs) is comprised in some fraternity or other; for at his birth he is held to belong to that of which his father is a member. Serfs are frequently manumitted, and they can then enter a fraternity, upon taking an oath to abide by its regulations, and pay their portion of its fines. Each fraternity is presided over by its elders, without any election. The hoary beard, with respectability of character, forms the only title to respect and pre-eminence both in council and elsewhere. In other respects there is entire equality among the members of every fraternity; and, however numerous they may be, their families cannot intermarry, such marriage being considered incestuous. The fines, as I have said before, are mitigated if the culprit be poor, except in cases of injury to the person; in these the fixed fine must always be paid. The fraternities are of all numbers—from fifteen or twenty, to two or three thousand. Smaller fraternities are frequently combined together in one large one. But although a fraternity always pays (proportionally) the fines for homicides committed by its members, it is usual, after the commission of two or three homicides by the same individual, to punish him by death, or selling him to slavery. These punishments are also inflicted in other cases of incurable delinquency; the sentence of death being executed by throwing the condemned person into the sea, or a river, with his arms tied. Traitorous correspondence with the Russians is a crime *par excellence*, and is punished by the enslavement or death of the culprit, the seizure of his family and effects, and the sale of the members of the family into slavery, the proceeds of the sale being divided among those who detect the crime, or aid in its punishment. The fines for civil crimes are

levied from the members of the fraternity of the party offending, and are divided among the members of the fraternity of the party aggrieved; the person aggrieved, or the immediate relatives of one killed, receive (as the delinquent also pays) only a small proportion more than the other members of the fraternity. A person condemned to death by his own fraternity may, if he can, fly to the member of another, and make a *konak* of him; and the *konak*, with his society, becomes bound to protect or pay for him. The common people have of late raised their fine for homicide to the level of that of the nobles, 200 oxen. The fine for the homicide of a prince was here, till of late, and is still, to the eastward, about ten times higher; while that of a khan, or sultan, appears to remain undefined in amount. These fraternities are said to be of great antiquity; and it appears strange that so singular a feature in Circassian society should not have been mentioned, so far as I have observed, by any writer upon this country. They are essentially the government of Circassia; and any improvement in it must be ingrafted upon them, deeply rooted as they are in the habits and affections of the people. A stranger obtaining any native for a *konak* has claim upon him for the rights of protection and hospitality (as inviolable among the Circassians as among the Arabs); but the whole of his host's fraternity are held equally responsible for his safety and well-being; and they consider themselves bound to avenge any insult or injury done to him. If he become much esteemed by a family, he is made to take the mother's breast in his mouth, and then he is considered as one of her sons."

The ceremonies attending death are always worthy of note in describing a people. A noble having been killed in a skirmish with the Russians, Mr. Bell proceeds:—

"I shall embrace this occasion to give you an account of the ceremonies in use on such occasions. When, as in this case, the body is not forthcoming, a cushion is placed on a mat at the side of a room; upon and around it are the clothes of the deceased; and on the wall immediately above, are suspended his arms. The room is filled with the females, and the female relatives and friends of the family, seated; and at the door stands the widow erect. At each side of the cushion are seated the daughters, or some young female relatives. On the green before the door the men assemble. One of them approaches the door, uttering a wailing cry, which is responded to by the females inside, who rise while he enters softly with his hands over his eyes, and kneels before the cushion, placing his forehead upon it. The young girls on each side assist him to rise, and he retires. The rest follow, one by one, until the whole have performed this ceremony; but the old men, generally, instead of uttering the lament, speak some short sentence of consolation or endurance, such as 'it is the will of God.' This larger assemblage of men and women lasts for three days; but the females of the family and its immediate relatives, must be in attendance to receive mourners in this manner for a fortnight; and the clothes and other relics of the deceased remain as described until the greater funeral repast, which is given either six months after, or on the anniversary of the death. The very poorest never omit this entertainment; but the rich give other repasts at intervals of a week, a fortnight, and forty days, after the death. If the clothes of the deceased were not good at his death, new are made, and the relatives contribute different articles, such as shoes, leg-

gings, leather drinking-cups (for travelling), &c., which are laid with the rest of the things on the mat, and are subsequently distributed to the priest of the neighbourhood and those who assisted at the ceremonies. The family can retain nothing except the arms which the deceased bore, and the horse he rode, which, out of respect to his memory, is kept six months in the stable, and well fed during that time. When one has died a natural death at home, his body is immediately washed, enveloped in new white cotton or linen cloth, and buried within three or four hours, the immediate neighbours assisting in the first portion of the lamentation. If he was killed in battle (that is a *bona fide* battle, not a mere excursion for booty, for a decided line of distinction is drawn), he is interred in the clothes he was killed in, and without washing; it being supposed that in this state he will be at once received into paradise, as having fallen in defence of his country; but if he survive his wound some days, he is presumed to have again sinned (perhaps in regretting his wound, or expressing impatience under it), and must, therefore, be washed and dressed for his immortal journey. The same ceremonies are performed at the death of women and children, but the assemblages are less numerous."

A common funeral is thus described:—

"We set out early, having to meet a large assembly of people convened on the occasion of a funeral repast some miles off, to deliberate with them on the subject of the administration of the national oath (as it may well be called) in Shapsuk. But we had only passed the first enclosure, when the war-cry and the firing of some pistols made us turn to defend our baggage and rear-guard, attacked in mock-fight (as it proved) by the Hadji and a large party on foot; and this attack having been repelled amid much merriment, and our advanced guard having entered some thickets, we were, in like manner, summoned to his defence against an ambuscade placed there in wait for it. Such amusement is frequently indulged in, and is excellent training for the horses at least. The funeral meeting we found to be a very large one. It was held on the wide slope of a hill, where, exposed to a bleak, foggy east wind, we had to take our seats on mats, under a leafless tree, while a small flickering fire burnt at our feet, and helped to comfort us during the endurance of the long tedious delay that here, as well as elsewhere, seems always to be the penalty one pays for partaking of a dinner at which the guests are numerous. But on these funeral occasions there is least excuse for this, as the winds are always cold, almost always the same, and of little variety. During the interval, however, there was some horse-racing and bow-firing at the remote centre of the large space we were assembled on; and early in the day our attention was attracted to one side by the report of a pistol, when five or six men rode rapidly off the ground, and left another seated upon it with several around him, to whom parties immediately galloped up from all parts of the ground. Presently, a man passed up the hill supported, and apparently wounded. On inquiry, we learned that the persons who had quarrelled were members of the same fraternity; that the one had sold a Russian prisoner or deserter to the other, and immediately after carried him off and resold him (as was supposed) to the Russians. Such being the case, instead of sympathy, we felt regret, that the wound had been but a slight one in the foot; and we have since urged Mehmet Effendi to have this traitor made an immediate

example of, and to have this selling of prisoners punished with the same severity as espionage. He says it is to be one chief subject of debate at the approaching congress. So far as I can learn, the crime is new, and seems not yet to have been made the subject of legislation, without which there seems to be a wholesome disinclination to act. After our repast, there was the usual proclamation upon the subject of the intended congress, which is to be held on the eastern frontier of Shapahuk, and to which the different fraternities are requested to send members. The ceremonies concluded with more horse-racing and bow-firing. The only remarkable events during these were, the claim urged by the second and third in the straight race to a share in the prize of my winning jockey; and the surprise of the Circassians at the ease with which our new fox-hunting associate got away from their pursuit-race by leaping the fences—an exploit which seemed to cause new light to break in upon them; and there are already several young aspirants to the glory of performing this feat, though a somewhat hazardous one, with the Circassian saddle and its short stirrup-leathers. I might have added the circumstance, that in the competition of archers the mark was not once hit, but that it would have appeared more remarkable if it had been, for the feat must be exceedingly difficult. The mark is a small one, projected from the top of several lofty poles, fastened together so as to raise it to a considerable height. Two horsemen, one before the other, put their horses to their speed, a short distance from the pole, during the approach to which the pursuer bent his bow, stooped to the left side of his horse (the pole being on his right), and thus twisted, with his face backwards, and then looking upwards from beneath his raised left arm, he let fly the shaft, which on several occasions ascended perpendicularly, and very near the mark."

This is truly the ancient Parthian.

Another illustration of customs is thus given. The author "having (he says) gone to attend another of those religious fêtes about which my curiosity was excited, both on account of its singular character, and of the concourse of people of both sexes who are generally present. It may be called 'The Feast of Presentation,' and one fond of tracing descents might assign to it a Jewish one, and hold it but a commemoration of the sacrifice of Abraham; for the usage here is that every boy after a certain age be 'presented to God' at this fête, and that an animal be sacrificed for him; and such consideration has this usage attained, that even those who profess themselves Mussulmans, and hold all these observances somewhat in aversion, as 'not ordained by their book,' are constrained, either by the force of habit or the influence of the opinion of the majority, to comply with it. Thus my present kind host, Zekwahaz-okù, one of this class, to-day presented his son. The place of meeting was again in the valley of the Pshat, on a green, where a grove of venerable oaks forms one of nature's own solemn sanctuaries for worship. In the midst of it stands a cross (decayed ones reclining behind), and before it were again raised the tables, covered with loaves of bread, or masses of pasta, as they were brought by different parties from the hamlets around; and I observed that many (not all) of those who carried them after handing them to the priest, took off their caps, kneeled before the cross, and bowed their foreheads to the ground. At a short distance on one side of these sacred precincts, a rural couch was spread for me, and on the other the females,

who began to arrive soon after me, and might amount in all to about sixty, old and young, ranged themselves—the matrons on the green round a fire, and the girls on the verge of a thicket adjoining. The ceremonial, which was more solemn than on the other occasion, commenced as formerly with a short petition to the 'Great God' (Ta skho), for the conferring of every blessing, and the averting of every evil. The chief priest, in pronouncing it, held forward towards the cross, in his right hand, a wooden goblet (of the same form as those used in our church service) filled with shuat, and in his left a large cake of unleavened bread, which he then handed to his attendants, and received from them five or six times successively other goblets and cakes, over which the same benediction was said, and repeated aloud by all the congregation, who had placed themselves in ranks behind the priest on their knees, and, with their caps off, bowing their foreheads to the ground at the termination of each benediction, as did the matrons also. The shuat and cakes were then distributed to all of us. The victims, viz. a calf, a sheep, and two goats, were next brought in front of the cross, each held by a couple of men, while the priest pronounced a benediction over each, poured upon its forehead some shuat from one of the goblets, and singed some of its hair there with one of the waxen tapers which burnt at the foot of the tree behind the cross. They were then led away to be slaughtered, which was the signal for the congregation dispersing rather tumultuously,—at least the younger portion of it,—some of whom went to aid in the cutting up and preparing of the meat, in a row of large kettles, and others to amuse themselves till it was ready, by racing, leaping, &c.; while the seniors spent the interval in conversational parties. As for the chief priest, who performed his duties with considerable dignity, he remained during all the time erect, in front of the cross and tables, his head uncovered, a mantle over his shoulders, and a staff in his hand, directing his assistants in their duties, not the least important part of which appeared to be an equal distribution of the meat among the numerous tables, of which there were about sixty. Over each of them a benediction was pronounced by the priest before they were served to us on the green around,—to the females as well as males,—along with abundance of shuat. Our repast, as formerly, was scarcely well begun, when those who had contributed the animal portion of it made a circuit to petition for the abundant surplus of our bread and pasta, and it was no sooner ended than the assembly dispersed. The number present on this occasion might be from four to five hundred. Last year, I am told, there were five times as many, and that dancing, horse-racing, mark-firing, &c., formed the amusements. The deficiency in attendance this year is attributed to the increasing distress and anxiety caused by the progress of the Russians, who, by the by, were not forgotten in the prayers, it having been petitioned that they might 'be struck with blindness.' I see I have omitted to mention as a further proof of the compliance of the Mussulmans with the religious observances of the majority here, that on the afternoon of the day preceding the fête, I wished, after my excursion to the haunted mountain, to have a draught of shuat, which my host makes better than most folks, and has taught me to like in the absence of any thing better; but I found that the large broust just made, as well as a quantity of unleavened bread, had been prepared for the fête of the following

day, and were laid out in form in the *pete*, or kitchen-house, there to remain till the evening, when a qualified senior should come, and in presence of the males and females of the hamlet, say a benediction over them. Learning this, I begged that the arrangements might not be infringed, and ordered water for my present thirst. My prompt host, however, had already sent for a senior, who soon made his appearance; but I was begged not to make mine at the ceremony, because the married females in that case would absent themselves. The whole, however, I understand, consisted in a prayer for the general good of the household, or rather households of the hamlet, pronounced over the bread and shuat, after which some of both was served to me. Shuat, the national drink of Circassia, is generally served in immense wooden bowls with one handle (cut out of one piece of wood); and these 'flowing cups' seldom circulate around a party of lusty warriors without reminding me of the bousing of our ancestors, whose mead or methuein probably resembled shuat, except that in the latter a portion of millet-flour is added to the honey and water; to the improvement, perhaps, of the fermentation."

With this we conclude, only observing that the *Journal* is rich in similar materials; and, independent of its history of the war, is valuable for all time, in consequence of these details of simple, feudal, and striking national features, handed down from ancient days amongst a people almost *totidem orbe divisos*.

Records of Wesleyan Life By a Layman. 12mo. pp. 329. London, 1841. Hamilton, Adams, and Co.

THIS volume is designed to exhibit, in a familiar manner, the doctrines and discipline of the Wesleyan Methodist connexion, by describing the life and habits of a family in the middle class of society, belonging to that sect. The picture is a curious one, and the sayings and doings of the members of this family will be very new to a large proportion of readers. They commence with an account of a "watch-night service," and last for about a year, during which the various observances, modes of worship, excitements, ceremonies, class-meetings and meetings, convictions, feelings towards the Church of England and Dissenters, &c. &c. are rationally portrayed; and we are bound to believe a very correct delineation given to that division of our fellow-Christians who adhere to these serious and religious opinions. A couple of extracts will do all that is needed in a journal like ours to exemplify the work.

"A Methodist love-feast is a meeting at which the 'members of society' only are present, and such as have obtained special permission by a note from the minister. After singing and prayer, they all partake of a small portion of bread and a little water, which are handed round by some of the officials of the church. At the same time a collection is made for the poor. Afterwards, the time of the meeting is occupied by one and another relating some portion of their Christian experience, in accordance with the Psalmist's practice, 'Come and hear, all ye that fear God; and I will tell what He hath done for my soul.' Singing and prayer conclude the service. This religious meeting is held in the principal chapel in the town four times in the year. It usually opens about two o'clock in the afternoon, and concludes about four.

On entering the chapel, Mr. Bedford found the lower part only occupied. The preacher had made that arrangement in order that members might be better enabled to hear each other speak. The superintendent of the circuit, Mr. Horne, presided. He took his seat within the rails of the communion-table, near the steps of the pulpit. The service commenced by singing the following verses of one of the love-feast hymns. The tune to which they were sung seems to be exclusively appropriated to that hymn. [This we need not copy.] Prayer was then offered by Mr. Horne, who was blessed with a large measure of the 'spirit of supplication.' He appeared to carry every petition of every heart directly to the throne of grace, and he had 'power with God.' A sacred, devotional, hallowing feeling prevailed."

The other proceedings are detailed at length; but we find a specimen more suited to our page and purpose in the following, on the engrossing subject of popular instruction:

"Do not you think (says Charles, an interlocutor with Dr. Maxwell) there is a greater variety of learning in the present day than there was, for example, a century back? A scholar in this age is supposed to 'intermeddle with all knowledge;' it is not, therefore, possible that he can be so deeply read in a particular department, as formerly those persons were who devoted a whole life to the study

of one branch only. 'But shew me the good of this rage for universal knowledge; or rather, suffer me to shew you the evil of it,' said the doctor. 'Instead of solid and profound learning, we have, in this age, elementary principles only; and even those, in many cases, imperfectly understood. Man's mind is not more comprehensive now than formerly, that modern intellects should presume to compass the whole extent of human knowledge. It is a blessed thing for the world our forefathers thought that the profound study of a distinct branch was sufficient to employ the loftiest intellect. Newton considered the laws of matter and motion, almost of themselves sufficiently ample to engage the capacities of his mind. Had Newton been a scholar of our day, his profound researches into those laws, which have secured for his name an immortality of intellectual glory, would have been lost to us. Instead of being Newton, he would, most likely, have been a mere pedagogue, bearing that patronymic. It would be an easy task to multiply examples of the oneness of aim by which the studies of our forefathers were directed. Here, then, is the evil; instead of our country abounding in vast reservoirs of learning, each one distinguished by some peculiar excellence, we have little besides extensive shallows of its mere rudiments; and these, in such a degraded form, as to repel a classical appetite. Cræbe, in his "Library," satirically alludes to the flimsiness of the literary productions of his day, when contrasted with the substantial labours of former ages:—

'Our nicer palates lighter labour seek,
Cloyed with a folio number one-a-week;
Bibles with cuts and comments thus go down;
Even light Voltaire is numbered through the town;
Abstracts, abridgements, please the fickle times,
Pamphlets, and plays, and politics, and rhymes.'

Another Cræbe might still, on this subject, find ample employment for his pen. Mr. Bedford, after making some remark respecting the state of modern literature, added, 'The theological labours of the seventeenth century stand out in exceedingly bold relief. There were giants in those days. Voluntary do, we owe homage to the mighty minds of the Goodwins, the Howes, the Baxters, the Owens, and a host besides, whose works, in a new form, or in a fresh dress, are the chiefest ornament of modern libraries.' Nor was that century more remarkable for its entire theology than for its profound learning generally, observed Dr. Maxwell. 'Many of the finest monuments of British lore were raised then. Alas! in our day scarcely any scholarlike work makes its appearance. The faune once enjoyed by our seats of learning is gone, and Continental universities justly claim that celebrity which was formerly monopolised by our own. It is true that little encouragement is given to works of high literary character; every treatise now published being made popular, as it is termed; and nothing seems acceptable except these "popular treatises." Every science is made—professedly, at least—comprehensible to the meanest intellect; and a man, without any knowledge of his mother-tongue, may be taught Greek by a new process, in "six short and easy lessons!"—perhaps not literally in that number, but certainly in few more. With abundantly greater pretensions to learning than were before exhibited, the kingdom possesses, in reality, immensely less erudition than it claims for itself. "I am inclined to think," said Mr. Bedford, "that the condition of the middle ranks of society of the present day, as far as regards religious knowledge, is much beneath that which was manifested by the same class in what is called the age of the Puritans. The people of those days were thinking people; they had their pulpits to give people, or there never would have been issued from time to time the number of books that appeared,—not pamphlets, mind you, and magazines, like our present literature, but good substantial folio volumes, with close print, and small margins. From the prevailing character of the works of that age, it might appear that theological knowledge was considered the most useful. In the present day, almost every description of knowledge is considered useful except religious knowledge. Many institutions, established for the avowed purpose of imparting useful knowledge to the working population, appear to be based on this idea. Hence their pupils are professedly instructed in every branch of human knowledge; that is, they are taught the alphabets of each branch sufficiently for them to swell with the wind of their own emptiness, and to become puffed up with ignorant conceit and intolerance towards the true. Religious instruction, to the managers of these institutions, seems to possess no claim to usefulness whatever, and is avowedly excluded." It has been my lot to find, in persons "educated" in the institutions to which you allude, said Dr. Maxwell, "the greatest amount of stubborn infidelity that, in my mind, I have ever encountered. Nothing, I think, so much tries one's patience as coming in contact with the half-taught infidel. The doubts and objections of inquiring men of education are deserving attention, because they will invariably give way to sound argument; but the scepticism of the illiterate is scarcely ever convinced, because they cannot understand an argument. It is a serious evil in education not to give a prominence to religious knowledge. In a Christian country such knowledge should be the base of every man's studies; and it should especially be introduced in those places where the working population attend in masses. If this were done much scepticism would be prevented." The sound sense and applicability of such remarks, upon a most important national question, require no pointing out: they reflect great credit on the head and heart of the writer.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Kentish Coronet; consisting of Original Contributions in Prose and Poetry, by Persons Connected with the County of Kent. Edited by H. G. Adams, author of "The Ocean Queen," &c. Pp. 192. (London, Simpkin and Marshall.)—A sweet and pleasing volume, which does honour to its native country; though so famous as old Kent. Among the contributors are several of distinguished name in our literature; but the foremost place is due to the enthusiastic editor himself, who, with all the obstacles opposed to young talent and provincial effort, is thus endeavouring to climb his way up the two-forked hill. His preceding publications received the meed of our applause, and we are glad to extend it to his numerous compositions in this pretty tome.

Washington, par M. Guizot. Pp. 155. (Londres, Nutt.)—A neat French edition of this profound and eloquent production, which enables the reader to taste more fully and freely than in translation the beauties of M. Guizot's style. High and proud as is the pre-eminent position of that distinguished man in the political world at this hour, when he has almost singly

"Rode the whirlwind, and controuled the storm," he need not be ashamed of the literary plume which also and as much as from the lovers and cultivators of literature that we look for pure and noble-minded statesmen. As Shakspeare says of music, so say we of letters; not one who has them not in his soul be trusted in place and power.—He may be a great warrior, intriguer, or courtier, but never a truly great man.

The Poems of Geoffrey Chaucer Modernised. (London, Whittaker and Co.)—To those who cannot enjoy the father of English song in his antique original tongue even by the help of a glossary, this volume will be very welcome. It contains most of his best compositions, tastefully and skillfully modernised by Wordsworth, Horne, Leigh Hunt, Robert Bell, and other competent hands.

Tales of a Grandmother, by Mrs. A. C. Carmichael. Pp. 252. (London, Bentley.)—Tales of home and the West Indies, tending to inculcate virtuous principles and good morals in the young. They have all the appearance of realities; and, consequently, the good examples they exhibit are more likely to be strongly impressed on the puerile mind.

Stories for Young Persons, by Miss Sedgwick, author of "Hope Leslie," &c. Pp. 329. (London, Tilt and Bogue.)—Religious stories, not quite so familiarly written as we could wish for "young persons."

Summer Rambles and Winter Amusements, &c. by a Clergyman's Widow. Pp. 192. (London, Darton and Clark.)—Meant to convey information on historical, geographical, and generally useful studies: a pretty and pleasant enough juvenile book.

Stories of the Animal World, arranged to form a Systematic Introduction to Zoology, by the Rev. B. H. Draper. Pp. 464. (London, Darton and Clark.)—A very nice and instructive volume, and full of woodcuts of all kinds of beasts, birds, fishes, reptiles, and insects. Some of the figures are rather clumsily exaggerated, but still near enough to nature to impress correct ideas of form on the minds of the young students.

The Servant's Magazine for 1840. (London: Ward and Co.; Houlston and Stoneman.)—This little work is published under the superintendence of the Committee of the London Female Mission, and contains much good advice and many useful maxims. It partakes deeply of the evangelical character.

The Pulpit, Vol. XXXVIII. (London: Sherwood and Co.; Simpkin and Marshall. Edinburgh: Oliphant.)—A continuation of this valuable depository of divine teaching and eloquence, well worthy of the series of which it forms part.

Life and Exploits of Commodore Napier, by Himself. Pp. 32. (London, Strange.)—The title is not strictly true; for, though there is the account this gallant officer gave of himself when electioneering, there is more matter not by himself. It is a pamphlet for the time.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

LINNEAN SOCIETY.

MR. FORSTER, V.P. in the chair.—Among the books on the table was a systematic arrangement of the European amphibia, by C. L. Buonaparte, Prince of Musignano, F.M.L.S., and two parts of Dr. Wight's valuable illustrated work on the Flora of India.—Mr. McClelland, the celebrated Indian zoologist, was elected a fellow.—Mr. Janson exhibited specimens of the *Cycadoides megalophylla* of Buckland, from the Isle of Portland.—Mr. Mann exhibited a specimen of the *Orpine* (*Sedum Telephium*), which had been preserved in his herbarium for two years, and which still continued to send forth living shoots.—Mr. Babington exhibited a number of cones taken from beneath ten feet of solid peat, at Burrischoole, near Newport, Mayo, and accompanied by nuts of the hazel. The trees in that part of Ireland have all been destroyed for about 200 years, and no indi-

viduals of either of these kinds now occur within many miles, except a few planted of late years, and far from this locality. The cones differ from either of the varieties of *Pinus sylvestris*, at present indigenous to Scotland, and so entirely resemble those of the Alpine form of that species figured by Jacquin, under the name of *Pinus Mughus*, as to leave but little doubt of their identity.—The papers read were, 'A Description of a New Genus of *Lineæ*,' by Mr. Babington. The plant was raised in the Cambridge Botanic Garden about three years ago, from seeds collected in New South Wales; it differs from *Linum* in the imbricate aestivation of the petals, and in its indehiscent carpels; the flowers are small and purple.—Also, extracts of letters from Mr. Griffith to Mr. Solly. Mr. Griffith has been lately sent by the Indian government on a scientific mission to Afghanistan. The letters chiefly relate to the vegetation of that country. Among the plants which he mentions is a remarkable species of *Dodder* (*Cuscuta*), which is parasitical upon willow-trees, covering them with its entangled stems to the height of forty feet, and forming, while in flower, a singular object.

LONDON INSTITUTION.

WEDNESDAY, Jan. 20th.—Mr. Grove, 'On a Powerful Voltaic Combination,' detailed the defects, incident to the pile as originally invented by Volta, consequent upon the small portion of liquid employed; and described the mode in which these defects were remedied by Volta's second arrangement, known as the "couronne des tasses." He then passed on to the much-contested point of the contact and chemical theory; with regard to which, he observed, that whether chemical action be regarded as the cause or effect of voltaic electricity, still there could be no doubt that the power of the battery is directly as the transferred chemical (or as it is now termed, electrolytic) action developed in the cells. To increase, therefore, the power, the quantity and intensity must be increased. In the old forms of batteries the hydrogen, developed upon the negative plate, by its strong affinity for oxygen, occasions a powerful reaction which must be deducted in estimating the resulting power of the apparatus. By employing a solution of sulphate of copper, Professor Daniell remedied to a great extent this defect, because copper was deposited upon the negative metal instead of hydrogen, and its affinity for oxygen being less, the reaction was less: in other words, the power was as the affinity of oxygen for zinc, minus that for copper. Solutions of silver, gold, and platinum metals, possessing less affinity for oxygen than copper, ought therefore, and do, give greater power, but their expense precludes their employment. Nitric acid, however, being composed of constituents having a still weaker affinity than those of any metallic solution, offers still less resistance than they do, and the power is of course inversely as the resistance. "Grove's battery" is now so well known that it would be superfluous to detail its exact arrangement. On the present occasion, however, the battery used was of greater extent than any before exhibited, and, without any doubt, the most powerful (absolutely, and not comparatively,) that has ever been seen. The arc of light in the open air was from three to four inches in length, of great volume, and insupportable to the eye; and the prismatic spectrum was of extreme brilliancy and beauty. The battery producing these exceeding effects

was, in comparison with the well-known one of Davy, in the Royal Institution, only as one to forty-four.

BERLIN GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

Berlin, January 3.

THE sitting of the Geographical Society yesterday, January 2d, was opened by the Director, with a congratulatory address to the Society on the new year. He encouraged the Society to persevere in the course it had hitherto followed, and held out prospects of communications from German travellers from many different parts of the world, and those with which we are the least acquainted; which might be confidently expected with hopes of ample results.—Professor Lichtenstein communicated a map made by M. Krapf, the missionary, of the Abyssinian kingdom of Shro, which M. Isenberg has brought to Europe; and produced a letter from the latter, relative to the enterprises projected and executed by him and his companion; and sending, at the same time, a number of books composed by them, intended for the instruction of the inhabitants of the interior of Africa. These books are in the Amharic and other languages. M. Ritter added some observations to this report, and invited the attention of the Society (according to a letter from M. Autenrieth, who sent the map) to the importance of this communication, relative to a very imperfectly known country.—M. Von Vincke read some letters written on the spot by M. Von Moltke, respecting his voyage on the Tigris and the Euphrates.

PARIS LETTER.

Académie des Sciences, Jan. 18, 1841.

SITTING of January 11.—*Specific Heat of Bodies*.—M. Regnault communicated the result of some new experiments made by him on bodies in various states, such as metallic alloys, oxides, sulphurates, chlorates, &c. He found that in the case of alloys the specific heat of such substances, ascertained at a point far removed from the point of fusion, is exactly the mean of the specific heats of the metals composing it. If the heat be ascertained near the point of fusion, very different results are obtained; this was to be attributed to part of the latent heat reverting to the state of apparent heat, and adding itself to the specific heat. In the case of metallic oxides he had determined, that for those of the same chemical formula the specific heats were in the inverse ratios of the atomic weights. An important exception existed, however, in the case of oxides of zinc and magnesium, which gave equal numbers for the products of their caloric capacities multiplied by their atomic weights, but which, nevertheless, differed considerably from the product constantly furnished by the oxides of the same formula. This anomaly, which corresponded to the isomorphism presented by the two bases, was also observed for aluminum in the form of corindon. These divergences, in fact, were found to correspond to modifications presented by these bodies in their molecular constitutions, which considerably changed their capacities for heat. This variation in specific heat, due to an alteration in the manner of molecular aggregation, explained the phenomenon of spontaneous incandescence manifested in certain oxides upon an elevation of temperature.

On *Luminous Radiation applied to the Daguerriotype*.—M. Biot read a report on a memoir by M. E. Becquerel on this subject. The principal fact related to an observation that certain luminous rays, which do not pro-

duce by themselves a sensible impression on certain substances, are able, nevertheless, to continue the action which other rays have begun to exercise on them. He divided rays into exciting rays and continuing rays. A curious experiment illustrative of this was performed by M. Becquerel before the Commission of the Academy named to witness and report on it. Having prepared a sheet of sensitive paper in a dark chamber, by impregnating it with bromure of potassium and nitrate of silver successively, two pieces of similar dimensions were cut off and placed successively at the bottom of a box, in which they were afterwards covered by a metallic plate, with certain interstices cut in it, so as to represent the outlines of a group of flowers. The paper was then exposed, with this plate on it, for less than a second, to the light in the *camera obscura*; and, on being withdrawn from it, and examined in the dark room by means of a wax candle, shewed only infinitely slight traces of a photogenic drawing. One of these pieces of paper was then laid aside in the dark room, to be kept for future comparison. The other was again placed in the box, covered with a piece of red glass, but without the metallic plate, and then left for several hours in the *camera obscura*, to the full action of the light. On being then taken out and examined, it was found that the group of flowers appeared very visibly marked in black on a white ground, so that the image had been actually developed in the absence of an object. It was evident, therefore, that the whole image of the group of flowers had existed on the paper, though nearly imperceptible; and though it had been exposed to the action of the light for so short a time, while in order to bring this image out, it was necessary that the rest of the paper should remain insensible to the action of the light transmitted through the red glass, although those parts that had seen the light through the metallic plate continued to be influenced by the red rays. This memoir was ordered to be printed in the "Recueil des Savans Etrangers."

Marsh's Apparatus.—Messrs. Flandin and Danger communicated the second part of their memoir to the Academy, shewing that arsenic does not exist in its normal state in the bones of the human body. They also shewed that the nature of the stains on the porcelain plates obtained by Marsh's apparatus could not be decided on until after the gas that produced them had been burnt.

M. Leverrier sent a paper 'On the Secular Variations of Planetary Orbits,' shewing that by calculating the terms of the third order, hitherto neglected, considerable corrections would be obtained for the formulae now received; so much so, that, for the action of Venus on the orbit of Mercury, the secular diminution of the obliquity of the plane should be fifteen seconds in 100 years instead of eight seconds.

The Royal Society of Antiquaries of France has nominated M. Paulin Paris to be President for the current year, and M. Aubenas to be Secretary.—At its last sitting, the Geographical Society elected M. Daussey to be President for the year, and M. Sabin Berthelot to be Secretary. During the course of 1840 the Society has terminated the publication of the geography of the Arab writer, El Edrisi; the second volume of which contains the notions possessed by the Arabs in the twelfth century relative to Europe, proving a precious source of illustration for the study of mediæval geography.

The Minister of Public Instruction has ad-

ressed a circular to the members of the United Committee of French language and literature, charters, chronicles, and inscriptions, and of the physical, moral, and political sciences. He exhorts them to continue and redouble their efforts for the discovery of unknown or inedited documents,—in the historical department for all chronicles, or diplomas, charters, ordinances, &c., that may serve to complete the collection of documents relative to the "Tiers Etat," publishing under the direction of M. Augustin Thierry;—in the department of French literature, for whatever may illustrate the history of the French language during the twelfth and thirteenth centuries;—in the department of physical sciences, for any inedited encyclopædias and special treatises, especially for any documents that may tend to shew whether the decimal system did or did not originate with the Arabs;—and in the scholastic department, for all works throwing new light on scholastic philosophy, and especially for any inedited writings of Gerbert, Abailard, Roger Bacon, and others; as well as for inedited letters of Gassend, Descartes, Leibnitz, &c. In all cases of MSS., the members are requested to send copies of the first and last pages to the Minister, in order that they may be carefully examined, numerous MSS. having false titles affixed to them.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

Oxford, January 14.—The following degrees were conferred:—

Bachelor in Civil Law.—Rev. C. Brereton, late Fellow of New College.

Masters of Arts.—J. W. Prout, Wadham College; Rev. R. M. Dukes, Lincoln College.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS

FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

Monday.—Geographical, 9 P.M.; Entomological (Anniversary), 8 P.M.; British Architects, 8 P.M.; Medical, 8 P.M.

Tuesday.—Medical and Chirurgical, 9½ P.M.; Zoological, 9½ P.M.; Architectural, 8 P.M.; Botanic, 8 P.M.

Wednesday.—Society of Arts, 7½ P.M.

Thursday.—Royal, 9½ P.M.; Antiquaries, 8 P.M.; Royal Society of Literature, 4 P.M.

Friday.—Royal Institution, 8½ P.M.

Saturday.—Westminster Medical, 8 P.M.; Mathematical, 8 P.M.; Physical, 8 P.M.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE GRECIAN FLOWER-GIRL'S SONG.

I BRING thee flowers from the undim'd bowers,
To deck the festive scene,
And the roses fair shall wreath the hair
Of Beauty's starry queen.
And the rich soft light in the halls to-night
Will make their bright leaves glow
With the same fresh hue as when they grew
Where silvery waters flow.
For the young proud brow of the warrior now
Is signed by early fame;
He is come once more to his own loved shore,
And the friends who love his name.
He has left no shield on the battle-field,
The foe alone lies there:
So with garlands gay we strew his way,
And the victor's trophy bear.
And many a dower for grief's lone hour
With slower step I bring;
And on the bier, with the burning tear,
My gifts for the dead I fling.
They are not show'ers of summer flowers
Won from the wood and glade,
But a crown more fair I lay down there,
Of laurel only made.
For the young proud brow of the warrior now
Lies cold and hush'd in sleep;
Yet we may not say that he pass'd away,
And left us but to weep.
For we know he died in his hour of pride,
The honour'd and the brave!
And the leaves that stay, when the flowers decay,
We cast upon his grave.

ENIMA B—.

FINE ARTS.

GRAPHIC SOCIETY.

On Wednesday 13th, the second conversazione

of this Society was held; and, in spite of the most wretched weather, was well attended. There were many interesting sketches and fine drawings. We were struck with a specimen of block-printing from France,—a copy of Edwin Landseer's "Bolton Abbey in the Olden Time." It was an extraordinary specimen of the skill of our neighbours in this decorative art, and we felt a little flattered that the subject chosen was by our clever countryman. There was a beautiful drawing, by Derby, of poor young Cooper's picture of Othello relating his adventures to Desdemona and her father: the drawing has been made for Findens' "Gallery of British Art." Sir Walter James sent two beautiful drawings by Catermole, and an exquisite vignette portrait of Cuvier, engraved by Doo. It is refreshing to see a beautiful line engraving after the deluge of inferior styles of this fine art with which the (steel and copper) press has, of late years, nearly swamped us.

THE DRAMA.

Adelphi.—On Thursday, one of those dramas peculiar to this theatre was produced with entire and well-deserved success. It is a most effective and interesting plot, and admirably acted by Mrs. Yates, Mrs. Keeley, Messrs. Yates, Lyon, Wright, O. Smith, Turnour, and others. It is too late for us to enter into particulars, but we need only say that it promises to be as popular as *Victorine*. It is called *Agnes St. Aubin, or the Two Husbands*.

Haymarket.—A piece founded on Mrs. Trollope's "Widow Barnaby," and called by that name, has been produced here, and played during the week. *The Widow* is personated by Mrs. Glover; but, notwithstanding the display of her highly comic talent, it is not so amusing as could be wished; the dialogue being flat, and the story essentially undramatic.

Drury Lane.—The Concerts d'Hiver are now led by M. Jullien with fine effect; and, if possible, the selection of music is more delightful than ever.

Princess's Theatre.—This beautiful theatre closes on Monday, when Mr. Willy, the able conductor, takes a benefit; which, if merit meet its due reward, ought to be a bumper.

VARIETIES.

Crown Jewels.—Government has ordered the admission to the crown jewels at the Tower to be reduced from two shillings to sixpence; and the increase of visitors, in consequence, gives reason to hope that the small fee will suffice to pay the expense of the new building (which should have been ready at the new year, when the fee was reduced), to receive them. The delay will be but of short duration, and the accommodation much more suited to the dignity of the crown and the convenience of visitors.

Fossil Cave in Morayshire.—Last week a cave was discovered in the old red sandstone at Hopeman, near Elgin. An eminent geologist, Mr. P. Duff, has furnished the "Elgin Courant" with a description of this geological treasure:—"A considerable part of the cave had been quarried away before its interest was suspected, nor until considerable quantities of bones had been exposed. It would appear, from the quantity of calcined wood and burnt stones which strewed the outer entrance, that the cave had been used by man as a shelter, in which the process of cooking had gone on; subsequently it had been taken possession of by foxes, or other predaceous animals, which had

hoarded the bones now found of deer, dogs, hares, rabbits, seals, birds, and fishes; but the most interesting feature of the cave is, that it proves by its contents the upheavement of an ancient sea-beach, with its rolled pebbles, sand, and shells, lying undisturbed, and above them a mass of brown mould, evidently derived from the decomposition of animal matter. Many of the shells, such as the turpo and patella, may have been carried there for food, but the sand, besides being nearly half made up of fragments of shells, contains many entire specimens of minute shells which could not have been brought thither for any economical purpose either by man or animals. Here, then, we have a portion of the seashore or beach elevated from seventeen to twenty feet above high-water mark, with its sand, shells, and pebbles lying undisturbed, as they are seen on the beach, which is every day washed by the ocean waves. Admiral Duff, with that respect for the interest and promotion of scientific inquiry for which he is distinguished, stopped the operations of the quarrymen near the cave until such part of it as had been laid open had been thoroughly explored, and its contents examined; that having now been accomplished, the admiral will, I trust, give orders for removing the debris with which the fissures are almost filled, in order that its size and extent inwards may be ascertained by measurement. During this operation more bones will undoubtedly be found, and additional light thrown on the nature and habits of its former occupants. When the bones were first collected and examined, some of them seemed to have belonged to animals too large for a fox to master, such as a deer's horn of large size, the tusk of a wild boar, &c.; but after the indications of fire having been used in the cave, it occurred that these spoils of the chase had been brought there by man, who had used fire near the entrance of the cave wherewith to dress them for food, and that by this means the larger exuvie had been brought to it."

French School of Poetry.—The following is not a bad specimen of the extravagant tone of French literature: it occurs near the end of a long ode, by no less a name than Victor Hugo, on the late funeral of Buonaparte:—

"Tu voulais, versant notre seve,
Aux peuples trop lents à mourir,
Faire conquérir par le glaive
Ce que l'esprit doit conquérir.
Sur Dieu même prenant l'avance,
Tu prétendais, vaste espérance!
Remplacer Rome par la France,
Régner du Tage à la Neva;
Mais de tels projets Dieu se venge.
Duel effrayant! guerre étrange!
Jacob ne luttaut qu'avec l'ange,
Tu luttais avec Jéhova!
Nul homme en ta marche hardie,
N'a vaincu ton bras calme et fort;
A Moscou, ce fut l'incendie;
A Waterloo, ce fut la mort.
Que t'importe que l'Angleterre
Fasse parler un bloc de pierre
Dans ce coin fameux de la terre
Où Dieu brisa Napoléon,
Et, sans qu'elle-même ose y croire,
Fasse attester devant l'histoire
Le mensonge d'une victoire
Par le fantôme d'un lion!
Oh! qu'il tremble, au vent qui s'élève,
Sur son piedestal incertain,
Ce lion chancelant qui rêve,
Debout dans le champ du Destin!"

What a mixture of blasphemy and Gallic vanity!

Byzantine MS. on the Art of Painting.—The monks of Mount Athos have sent to M. Didron a Greek manuscript on Byzantine painting. This manuscript is divided into three parts. The first explains the process employed by the Greeks in painting; the mode of pre-

paring the colours, and of the ground for frescoes, and of painting on such ground. The second describes at length all the historical and allegorical subjects proper to be represented by painting. The third determines the part of a monument, or building, where such and such a subject should be placed. Thus, for instance, it is required that the "Last Judgment" shall be always painted, as in our Gothic churches, to the west. The composition of the manuscript is ascribed to Pansellinos, who lived in the ninth century of the Christian era, and is mentioned as the inventor of Byzantine painting. A translation of this manuscript is preparing, and will be published at Paris, with plates.

Improvements.—It is stated that the Duke of Norfolk is about to follow the example of Mr. Strutt, so admirably carried into effect at Derby, by Mr. Loudon (see *Lit. Gaz.* No. 1239,) and allot a piece of fifteen acres of land, in the neighbourhood of Sheffield, to be laid out as a public garden for the recreation of the inhabitants of that place.

Earthquakes.—One of the consequences of the recent earthquakes at Zante was the disappearance of a small island in the harbour.

An Ancient Inscription preserved at Nakhichevan, on the Don.—In the vaults of the Armenian Cathedral, at the above town, among several other things, a slab of black marble is preserved. This slab is one arsheen, seven vershoks (about 38 Paris inches) long, and seven and a half vershoks (about 14 Paris inches) broad, and is remarkable on account of the antiquity of the inscription which it bears. This inscription, in the Greek language, states that the stone was set up by Stratocles to his father Dinostatus, who sacrificed to Apollo Jetron, in the time of Leucon, archon of the Bosphorus, and Theodosia, reigning over the Sindenes, the Toreteans, the Dardarians, and the Pesseses. This Leucon, sovereign of the Bosphorus, a contemporary of Alcibiades, Lysander, and Xerxes Memnon, and who had conquered Theodosia from the Milesians, lived at the end of the fifth and the beginning of the fourth century before the Christian era, and reigned forty years. It is not known at what time, or for what reason, this stone was brought to Nakhichevan; the old Armenian inhabitants of the town pretend that their ancestors, emigrating from the Crimea to settle on the banks of the Don, brought it with them. A cross, rudely carved upon it, seems to prove that at some unknown time it had been an object of adoration to the Christians.

Fame.—"When I was very young, and in the height of the opposition to my father, my mother wanted a large parcel of bugles; for what use I forget. As they were then out of fashion, she could get none. At last, she was told of a quantity in a little shop in an obscure alley in the City. We drove thither; found a great stock; she bought it, and bade the proprietor send it home. He said, 'Whither?' 'To Sir Robert Walpole's.' He asked coolly, 'Who is Sir Robert Walpole?'"—*Horace Walpole's Letters.*

Ghost Story.—"Mention of Canterbury furnishes me with a very suitable opportunity for telling you a remarkable story, which I had from Lady Onslow t'other night, and which was related to her by Lord Ashburnham, on whose veracity you may depend. In the hot weather of this last summer, his lordship's very old uncle, the Bishop of Chichester, was waked in his palace at four o'clock in the morning, by his bed-chamber door being opened, when a female figure, all in white, entered,

and sat down near him. The prelate, who protests he was not frightened, said, in a tone of authority, but not with the usual triple adjuration, "Who are you?" Not a word of reply; but the personage heaved a profound sigh. The bishop rang the bell; but the servants were so sound asleep, that nobody heard him. He repeated his question: still no answer; but another deep sigh. Then the apparition took some papers out of the ghost of its pocket, and began to read them to itself. At last, when the bishop had continued to ring, and nobody to come, the spectre rose and departed as sedately as it had arrived. When the servants did at length appear, the bishop cried, "Well! what have you seen?" "Seen, my lord!" "Ay, seen: or who—what is the woman that has been here?" "Woman! my lord!" (I believe one of the fellows smiled; though, to do her justice, Lady Onslow did not say so.) In short, when my lord had related his vision, his domestics did humbly apprehend that his lordship had been dreaming; and so did his whole family the next morning, for in this our day even a bishop's household does not believe in ghosts: and yet it is most certain that the good man had been in no dream, and told nothing but what he had seen; for, as the story circulated, and diverted the ungody at the prelate's expense, it came at last to the ears of a keeper of a mad-house in the diocese, who came and deposed that a female lunatic under his care had escaped from his custody, and finding the gate of the palace open, had marched up to my lord's chamber. The deponent further said, that his prisoner was always reading a bundle of papers. I have known stories of ghosts, solemnly authenticated, less credible; and I hope you will believe this, attested by a father of our own church."—*Ibid.*

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

We are glad to see announced an edition of the works of Charles de Bernard, edited and revised by Mrs. Gore. Vol. I. containing "The Infant, or the Church Baron."

In the Press.

Discourses under the title of "Pulpit Recollections," being a series of his Sermons preached in the Church of Stoke upon Trent while curate of that parish. By Rev. Sir William Dunbar, Bart.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Technological Dictionary of Terms in use in the Arts and Sciences, by E. Scudamore, M.D. post 8vo. 6s. Hundred of Corringham, No. 1. Lea with Lea-Wood, 2s. Medical Reform in England, by a Provincial Physician, 1s. Schlegel's Lectures on the History of Literature, New Edition, fcap. 7s. The Old Testament, with a Commentary, by the Rev. C. Girdlestone, Part VI. 8vo. 12s. and Vol. III. 18s. The Egypt of Herodotus, with Notes and Preliminary Dissertation by J. Kenrick, 2 vols. post 8vo. 21s. The Vade Mecum, containing Thirty-six Original Characters and Enigmas, square, 5s. The Young Naturalist's Rambles, square, 3s. 6d.—The Book of Anecdotes, 12mo. 2s. 6d.—Tracts of the Anglican Fathers, Vol. I. 8vo.; The Prayer-Book, 9s.—Washington, by Guizot, translated from the French, 12mo. 2s. 6d.—Life and Times of Dick Whittington, an Historical Romance, 8vo. 12s.—A Visit to the Indians on the Frontiers of Chili, by Captain A. F. Gardiner, post 8vo. 6s.—Memoir of the Rev. C. T. E. Rhenius, by his Son, post 8vo. 10s.—London from the Thames, from Views by W. Parrott, Part I. 12s.—Englishman's Library, Vol. XIV. Howard's New Testament History, fcap. 3s.—Manual of Chemistry, by R. D. Hollyn, fcap. 4s. 6d.—James's Bellum Papale, Nova Editio, J. E. Cox, 12mo. 4s. 6d.—Secret History of Dissent illustrated in the Life of the Rev. J. Thompson, by N. Oliver, second edition, 12mo. 5s. 6d.—Library of Medicine, Vol. VI.: Dr. Rigby's System of Midwifery, post 8vo. 10s. 6d.—Strickland's Queens of England, Vol. I. new edition, post 8vo. 10s. 6d.—Miss Emma Roberts's Overland Journey through France and Egypt to Bombay, post 8vo. 10s. 6d.—The East-India Year-Book, 1841, 12mo. 5s.—Introduction to Greek Accidence, by the Rev. T. K. Arnold, 8vo. 5s. 6d.—Demonstrations of Anatomy, by G. V. Ellis, post 8vo. Part II. 3s.; complete in 1 vol. 12s.—Elements of Obetric Medicine, by D. D. Davis, M.D. 2d edition, Part II. 10s.; complete in 1 vol. 21s.—G. Child's Elementary Drawing-Book, new edition, 7s. 6d.—Transactions of the London Electrical Society (Vol. I.), from 1837 to 1840,

4to. 25s.—The Edinburgh Journal of Natural History, Vol. I. 3s. 3s.—Elijah the Tishbite, and other Poems, by C. F. fcap. 3s.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1841.

January.	Thermometer.		Barometer.
	From	To	
Thursday .. 7	...	1 to 19	29.64 to 29.69
Friday 8	...	1 to 17	29.73 stationary
Saturday .. 9	...	0 to 30	29.76 .. 29.42
Sunday 10	...	25 to 36	29.38 .. 29.10
Monday .. 11	...	26 to 37	29.84 .. 29.01
Tuesday .. 12	...	27 to 35	29.30 .. 29.43
Wednesday 13	...	20 to 33	29.57 .. 29.28
Thursday .. 14	...	33 to 37	29.26 .. 29.33
Friday 15	...	30 to 37	29.52 .. 29.64
Saturday .. 16	...	29 to 48	29.37 .. 29.37
Sunday 17	...	42 to 51	29.59 .. 29.65
Monday .. 18	...	42 to 48	29.68 .. 29.70
Tuesday .. 19	...	30 to 38	29.71 .. 29.65
Wednesday 20	...	35 to 37	29.67 .. 29.69

Wind, north-east on the 7th and following day; south on the 9th and two following days; south-west on the 12th; east on the 13th and 14th; north on the 15th; south-east and south-west on the 16th and two following days; north on the 19th and 20th.

On the 7th, clear; the 8th, clear, except the morning foggy; the 9th and 10th, generally overcast; snow in the morning, and rain in the afternoon; of the 10th; the 11th, morning overcast, with rain and snow, otherwise clear; the 12th, generally clear; the 13th, overcast, rain in the morning, and snowing nearly all the afternoon and evening; the 14th, cloudy, with rain and snow; the 15th, generally clear, snow fell in the early part of the morning; the 16th, overcast, raining nearly all the day, wind boisterous in the evening; the 17th, generally clear; the 18th, overcast; the 19th, morning cloudy, with snow and rain, otherwise clear; the 20th, afternoon clear, otherwise cloudy, with snow.

The very rapid thaw, together with the heavy rains on the 16th, raised the waters several feet above their usual level, causing considerable damage; but, happily for this neighbourhood, not to so alarming an extent as in many other parts.

Rain and melted snow, 1 inch, and .905 of an inch. EDINBURGH. CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.

WINDS.	Rain in Inches and Decimals.		Barometer.
	Mean.	Lowest.	
January .. 7	4.075	29.6302	29.6402
February .. 8	2.13125	29.6402	29.6402
March 9	0.825	29.63107	29.63107
April 10	1.0625	29.73414	29.73414
May .. 11	1.9625	29.64612	29.64612
June .. 12	1.9625	29.64612	29.64612
July .. 13	1.9625	29.64612	29.64612
August .. 14	1.9625	29.64612	29.64612
September 15	1.9625	29.64612	29.64612
October .. 16	1.9625	29.64612	29.64612
November .. 17	1.9625	29.64612	29.64612
December .. 18	1.9625	29.64612	29.64612
Year .. 19	1.9625	29.64612	29.64612

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Longbar, Lord of London.—In our review of this very clever romance, we omitted to mention that it was the work of Mr. Mackay, the author also of those popular publications, "The Hope of the World," and "The Thames and its Tributaries." We might have further illustrated "Longbar," but trust we quoted enough to show how well it was done, both as regards the contrivance of the story, and the antiquarian research, so as to make it a picture of the times.

Answers to various correspondents in our next.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

KING'S COLLEGE, LONDON.—Civil Engineering, Manufacturing, and Architectural Department.—Professor Hocking will give the Introductory Lecture to his Course of Instruction in the Arts of Construction, in connection with Civil Engineering and Architecture, on Monday next, the 25th instant, at Two o'clock precisely, in the Afternoon. J. LONSDALE, Principal.

SPANISH LITERATURE.—A Catalogue of a small Collection of Spanish Books, comprising a few very rare Articles at very Reduced Prices, will be forwarded free of expense to any Gentleman who will send his Address to Mr. Rich, 12 Red Lion Square.

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On Monday, Feb. 1, 1841, will be published, price 6s. (to be completed in Ten, or not exceeding Twelve, Parts), Part I. of

A DICTIONARY OF SCIENCE, LITERATURE, and ART; comprising the History, Description, and Scientific Principles of every branch of Human Knowledge; with the Derivation and Definition of all the Terms in general use. Illustrated by Engravings on Wood. General Editor, W. T. Brande, F.R.S.E. and E.; assisted by Joseph Gairdner, Esq.

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London: Longman, Orme, and Co.

On the 3d February will be published, 2d edition, revised and improved, 12mo. 5s. 6d.

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On the 2d of January, 1841, was issued the First Number, and on the 1st of February will be published the First Part, of
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The object which it proposed in this commencing a New Series, is to place "The Penny Magazine" still more completely at the head of Publications of large circulation and universal interest. It has had the distinction of diffusing throughout the community a source of enjoyment formerly inaccessible except to the rich—it has made the productions of Art cheap. A sum not less than Twenty Thousand Pounds has been expended upon its Wood-Engravings; and it has been mainly instrumental in creating the desire for Illustrated Works, and consequently in forming the School of English Artists, now unrivalled in the world, who have supplied the demand which has grown up during the last four years. The improvements in Wood-engraving during that period are most remarkable, and in this New Series it is proposed that these improvements should be available in their full extent. To effect this, the paper upon which "The Penny Magazine" is now printed will be slightly reduced in size; but in thickness and fineness of quality a larger expense will be incurred by the publishers. With this advantage the quality of the printing will be greatly advanced, and justice will be done to the eminent Artists, both as Designers and Engravers, who have been engaged for the New Series. Other improvements are also contemplated, of which the work itself will present the best evidence. Whilst its general character of utility will be strictly preserved, it will aspire to a beauty of illustration which has never before been combined with extraordinary clearness.

The part for February will contain the following Illustrations:—

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5. William the Conqueror and Harold, and the Local Associations of the Battle of Hastings	Anelay	Smyth
6. The Dutch Boy—Mae	Fussell	Jackson
7. The Cid: "Son of my Soul"	Harvey	Jackson
8. The Cid: "I'm Rodrigo of Bivar"	Harvey	Jackson
9. Camels	Jarvis	Nugent
10. Louis XIV. and his Ministers	Dickens	Andrew
11. Dumbarton Castle	Meiville	Slader
12. Machine for Cutting Hair from Feels	R. Sly	Welsh
13. Bowing-Engine	R. Sly	—
14. Bowing the Materials for the Body	Anelay	—
15. Telt Body	R. Sly	—
16. Kettle and Plank, with Men at Work	Anelay	Bastin
17. Microscopic View of Beaver's Hair	R. Sly	—
18. Stretching the Body over Block	Anelay	—
19. Stages of Blocking	R. Sly	—
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